

# *The* American Girl <sup>15c a copy</sup>

OCTOBER

*For All Girls—Published by the Girl Scouts*

1940



**GIRL SCOUT WEEK NUMBER**

160,000 COPIES GUARANTEED CIRCULATION



*(For biographical note, see page 50)*

*Collection of William Rockhill Nelson Gallery, Atkins Museum, Kansas City, Missouri*

## AMERICAN PAINTERS SERIES

XXXII—PIGTAILED *Painted by* EUGENE SPEICHER

# THE AMERICAN GIRL

THE MAGAZINE FOR ALL GIRLS PUBLISHED BY THE GIRL SCOUTS

REGISTERED U. S. PATENT OFFICE

ANNE STODDARD • EDITOR

OCTOBER • 1940

## MUSIC IN YOUR OWN BACK YARD

*A well-known collector of folk songs tells how you, too, may discover and preserve music that is part of America's heritage*

By ALAN LOMAX

*Folk Song Specialist of Columbia Broadcasting System*

IT'S a cool summer evening and you're seated around the campfire, just talking lazily and singing songs. One of the girls has brought her guitar and she's strumming it softly. Then she starts to sing.

You've been out on the lake on a canoe trip all day, and hit some rough weather. One of the canoes tipped and it was a hard pull righting it and getting to shore. You still shiver a little from the wetting you got.

The singer takes a well-known tune—"Oh, Susannah," or "Pop Goes the Weasel"—and starts making up words, telling of the afternoon's adventure, strumming the accompaniment on her guitar. She changes the tune slightly to fit the new words. Soon all of you get the idea. It's fun, and you help with new verses and join in on the chorus.

It's just a pleasant way of passing the evening, the way of the cow-puncher on the Western plains, of the Kentucky mountaineers gathered around the smoky oil lamp. And when you sing a song about your own lives, you are doing the same thing they do—you are making folk music.

America, with its colorful background—cutting trails across vast, quiet wilderness, breaking new soil, building new cities—is rich in folk music. It has come straight from the hearts of people, from their loneliness and hunger and cold, from the rhythms of their daily jobs, from their love-making and their dancing, and often just from the joy of being alive and strong and healthy.

Since the beginning of the world, people have told their feelings in song. And they're still doing it. Doing it mostly in lonely spots where there are no radios and phonographs, no movies and concerts, where people have to entertain themselves.

Down in Texas, where I come from, there's a story told about Davy Crockett, the great hunter and scout of the Southwest, which shows how much the frontier folk needed song.

Davy was riding through the wilderness one day when he heard the sound of a shrill, high-pitched fiddle coming through the trees. He spurred his horse on and, stuck in the ford of a near-by stream, he discovered a parson in a dusty, black beaver hat, his fiddle tucked under his chin, his

horse and buggy beside him.

Davy pulled the parson out, and when they were on dry land again, he asked curiously, "I kin see ye needed help, but why were ye aplayin' out there?"

"Well," said the parson, "I knew pint blank I could holler for help till I was hoarse and no one would come, but once my

fiddle would get goin', 'twouldn't matter how wild the country—if there was a hunter or trapper within ten mile, the minute he heard it, he'd come runnin'."

The Forty-niners, bold, rough men who had left wives and sweethearts when the word spread that Sutter had found gold in California, loved music, too. They would pay a fiddler thirty-five dollars in gold, just to scrape away on a home-made fiddle for a couple of hours.

So did the cowboys. Their lives weren't as romantic as the movies would have you think. They rode all day long over the great dry plains of the Southwest, driving the herds before them, seeing that none of the weak little orphan calves—they call them "dogies"—strayed. And as they rode, they sang. Such songs as:

"Whoopee-ti-yi-yo, git along little dogies,  
"It's your misfortune and none of my own,  
"Whoopee-ti-yi-yo, git along you little dogies,  
"For you know Wyoming will be your new home."

And as they worked, they would make up new verses to familiar songs, and out of their experience, compose whole new tunes. It's said that there was one song as long as the trail from Texas to Montana, and that there was a stanza for every cowboy who rode over the trail.

Back-breaking toil was mostly what these frontiersmen knew, and songs helped them at their work. Songs of Negro cotton pickers in the deep South, of sailors on the old four-masted schooners, of lumberjacks and teamsters and railroad builders.

And of an evening, in isolated country districts, people would—and still do—gather together and clear the floor for square dancing and more songs. Men would woo the young country girls with courting songs. And there would be game songs for the children. These songs are our her-



LEFT: ALAN LOMAX SPENT SEVERAL MONTHS IN HAITI, LIVING IN HUTS LIKE THIS WHILE COLLECTING FOLK SONGS FOR THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS IN WASHINGTON. THIS HAITIAN MOTHER AND DAUGHTER SANG A HUNDRED VODOO SONGS FOR HIM

itage as Americans. Woven in bright strands through the pattern of pioneer life, they are part of the American tradition of which we are so proud. To-day, almost too late, we realize that they are in danger of disappearing.

Yet these folk songs can easily be preserved. You, and all Americans, can find them right in your own back yards. Somewhere in your neighborhood there may be an old man, or woman—or perhaps a young one—who can sing you hundreds of love ballads and work songs. Your own grandmother may remember some.

I grew up in Austin, Texas knowing many of these tunes, for my father, John A. Lomax, is what is called a "folk song specialist," a rather frightening title which masks a job that is pure adventure. He travels around the country in his car—it used to be an old jalopy until a year or so ago—looking for people who can sing folk tunes. When he finds them, he gets out his portable recording equipment from the back of the car, and makes records—we call it "cutting" records—which are sent to the music archives of the Library of Congress in Washington. For the Government is eager to keep in permanent form the songs of its people.

Strangely enough, I was never much interested in folk music until my late teens. I went to the University of Texas, and then to Harvard, and I was planning to study philosophy—until one summer my father invited me to come along with him on one of his field trips.

That was in the summer of 1933, one of the most exciting summers I have ever spent. From then on, I've made it *my* job, too, to collect folk songs. I've traveled all over the country, thousands of miles, both with my father and alone—along the dusty roads of the South where you pass chain gangs at work, across the endless dry plains of the West, through the fishing villages of the New England coast, even down to the huts of the black natives of Haiti. The Library of Congress sent me to Haiti, and I was so fascinated by the music of the Haitians that my wife, Elizabeth Harold, and I spent our honeymoon there.

Our way of work is simple. From letters and books and word of mouth, we hear of someone, perhaps a Vermont woodsman or a Kentucky miner, who knows a store of old folk tunes. We get into our car and go to visit him.

But my father and I don't burst in like college professors in search of quaintness. We make friends. We live in the neighborhood. And before we even go to a place, we find out about the kind of work in that section so that we can talk about it. Only then do we go and ask for songs.

Mostly people are eager to sing for you, because they're proud of their own songs. And they should be, because many of them are



AN OLD FIDDLER FROM SOUTHWEST LOUISIANA WHO REMEMBERS TUNES THAT WERE SUNG IN HIS YOUTH. HE PLAYED HUNTING SONGS FOR THE LOMAXES DURING THEIR TRAVELS FOR THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



talented artists. But occasionally they have to be coaxed a little.

I remember one occasion when my father and I were traveling down South, looking for Henry Trevelyan, part Indian but mostly Negro. Henry was foreman of a railroad section gang, and was supposed to know hundreds of old railroad songs. When we found him, we asked him to sing for us. He shook his head. "I don't sing, Mr. Lomax," he said.

We were puzzled, and then we understood. Trevelyan didn't sing in the sense we think of it. He would be lost on a concert stage, or with an orchestra. Singing was a part of his work, helping him to direct the men working under him in laying the ties for the railroad.

Understanding this, we got permission to accompany the work gang at three the following morning, when they went out into the woods to lay the tracks. We had our recording machine with us, and collected twenty songs—work chants, they really were—with Trevelyan singing the lead in his fine baritone, and the rest of the gang, working in rhythm, joining in on the chorus.

A few months later my father went back to see Trevelyan, in search of more songs. We were friends by then, and he was sure Trevelyan would be glad to sing this time. But there was more trouble. He had given up his railroad job and was studying to be a preacher. And for a preacher, singing was sin (many Negro preachers differ from this point of view). The only way my father could set his conscience at rest was by making him a present of a beautifully designed Bible cover, rich in color. That made the singing all right.

I've had other strange experiences in search of song. One, I remember, happened in New Orleans, where I'd discovered a Negro piano player who knew all the verses of "Stagolee," a song about a man who killed "Billy Lyons over a milk-white Stetson hat." I had heard several versions of the song, but I wanted the correct one.

This pianist was working in a dance hall in the evenings, and I went down there with my typewriter to get the words of all thirty verses correctly. For two hours he played and sang, while I sat at the typewriter and the dancers huddled around us, fascinated.

But the proprietor of the place became angry. He thought we were ruining his business. So he walked up to the piano, picked up the only lamp in the place, and without a word disappeared, leaving us in complete darkness.

The "Stagolee" man followed him, furious. In a few moments he was back, rubbing his knuckles, the lamp in his hand.

"I don't let no one treat my friends that-a-way," he remarked grimly. And the music continued. I never did see the proprietor of the place again.

Generally the reaction of people is friendly. They're proud you consider their music important, and they want to do the best job possible. I remember one Finnish singer in the Middle West, from whom we were recording a song about a Finnish Robin Hood. It took twenty minutes to sing. When we had cut the record, we played it back for him. His sharp ears discovered one tiny mistake, and he was so eager for perfection that he made us do the entire record over again.

Most people are fascinated to hear records of their voices. I once recorded a singing sermon delivered by a seventy-five-year-old Negro named "Sin Killer" Griffen. When I played the record back for the old preacher, he shook his head wonderingly.

(Continued on page 46)



ONE OF THE BEST FIDDLERS ALAN LOMAX EVER HEARD. HE PLAYS AT COUNTRY PARTIES FOR LIVELY AND ROLICKING SQUARE DANCES



LEFT: TWO LITTLE MEXICAN GIRLS FROM THE SLUMS OF SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS, DANCE AND SING THEIR GAME SONGS FOR ALAN LOMAX'S RECORDING MACHINE

FAR LEFT: SCHOOL CHILDREN OF SAN ANTONIO BEFORE THE MICROPHONE WITH THEIR TEACHER. THEY HELPED MR. LOMAX RECORD GAME SONGS HE HAD NEVER HEARD BEFORE IN HIS TRAVELS

# "MUSIC HATH CHARMS"

By MAY JUSTUS

ANNIE CADES, hoeing corn all by herself in the new-ground cornfield that morning, reached the end of a row and stopped to rest, leaning forward on her hoe handle. It was lonesome down in the pocket of No-End Hollow. The sun had climbed over the mountain and the dew damp was rising in a golden mist above the field of corn. Pretty, thought Annie: It was good to take time to look at things around you; even the same old things, for somehow they never looked just the same. Take this new-ground field now, with its ranks of cornstalks. It had been a blackberry thicket last summer, bright with fast-ripening fruit on heavily laden vines. In the spring it had been a brown furrowed field, with the blue haze of brush fires about it and the smell of green boughs burning.

Suddenly the air was split by a mocking "Caw! Caw!" A crow flew into the cornfield and perched in the dead top of an ax-girdled tree.

"Wish I had Bennie's rifle gun," Annie thought. If she had, she'd fix that old crow so he'd never brag any more about taking up re-plant corn. She had half a mind to go up to the house and get the rifle, and then she remembered that Bennie had it. He had been carrying it around with him ever since last November when the feud with the Coomers had flared up. It hadn't been quiet after that, even after "Big Meeting" when almost everybody, Cadeses and Coomers, got religion—or got it again.

Preacher Preston was a master hand at fighting against the devil and all his works. He preached up and down the mountain slopes of Near-Side-and-Far, from eastside to westside of No-End Hollow, and mostly against feud fights and moonshining. It was no fault of the parson's, certainly, if after Big Meeting was over, some turned backsliders, and the Amen corner at the meeting house was as empty as the open door.

Feud had broken out again and over nothing at all. At a party, of all places. Over a broken fiddlestring! Annie blamed Brother Bennie for that. He had no business to meddle with Bud Coomer's fiddle, anyway. Of course he had tried to explain that he didn't know the fiddle was Bud's when he picked it up while it was lying on the table in Squire Allen's dog-trot. He had meant to tune the strings for a tryout of his favorite ballad. Then the mischief had happened, when he started to pick the strings—*thum—thum—* the way you pick a banjo. Yes, Bennie ought to have known better.

Trouble had begun with the broken fiddlestring. Bud couldn't play in the fiddling contest, and that angered him. He started a fight then and there that hadn't yet come to an end.

Annie sighed as she pulled a handful of crab grass loose from its strangle hold in a corn hill and, shaking the roots free from dirt, laid them to wither in the sun.

From the home place, high up the mountainside, she heard Mammy singing the wailing words of a ballad's refrain, *The Mill Dam o' Binnorie*:

*"I'll be true, I'll be true to my love,*

*"If my love will be true to me!"*

Mammy always sang when she was at home by herself, or when she was working and had nobody to talk with. Many old songs she knew, ballads and hymns. She needed no book to guide her, for she knew both words and tunes by heart.

Annie heard rustling in the sassafras and sumac thicket which bordered the old rail fence. Too much noise for a snake—and not enough for the old cow, Darkie, who had the cross lot for her pasture. Annie pushed back her sun-



Illustrated by  
EDWARD RYAN

bonnet and squinted her eyes, trying to see. The sumac glinted in the sun, and the sassafras waved green-mitted fingers. A flash of blue surprised her as it passed across an open space no bigger than her hand, but she knew it was a bluebird's wing. Next moment a full, clear whistle cut through the silence that held her and Annie caught her breath.

*The Mill Dam o' Binnorie!* Well, it seemed to be in the air this morning! An instinct, quick and cautious as that of a wild rabbit, stilled the girl as she stood motionless, with one hand over her leaping heart.

A rush hat poked through the leafy screen.

"Bud—Bud Coomer! What you want here?" Annie stepped back as she uttered this startled cry, and her bare left foot cut itself on the hoe. A wail of pain escaped her.

"Oh, I hate that, Annie—I do! I never meant to scare you, I vow and declare I didn't!" The boy blushed under his leather brown midsummer tan. "I didn't know it was you," he added.

"Oh, no, I reckon not!" Scorn singed the look that Annie gave him. "Even the Coomers don't make war on

*A broken fiddlestring may have started the feud in No-End Hollow, but Annie discovered the truth in the saying that "music hath charms to soothe the savage breast"*



"I GOT A FAVOR I WANT TO ASK RIGHT AFTER DINNER," BUD SAID

women folks yet! It must 'a' been Bennie you were looking for. I call it the devil's own trick to waylay folks in their own corn patch! Looks like the trail over the mountain has some turns I didn't know about."

She was standing on one foot, the other hurt so, and now she leaned against a tall stump just behind her. She choked and tears came into her eyes. She wanted to hide her face beneath the ruffle of her sunbonnet, but she was too proud to do it.

Bud took a step nearer her. "Let me look at that foot," he said. He could see that it was bleeding.

"Go on," Annie bade him. "I hate a spy—but I hate a pretender a sight worse. Go on—you've hurt me enough, looks like. You needn't stay to see how bad it is. Go on."

Bud turned as if he meant to obey her and disappeared across the fence, but he appeared again immediately with a tow sack bag slung across his shoulder.

"Herbs—all kinds—in here," he explained. "I've been gathering a passel o' stuff for old Doc O'Dell. He makes his own medicine from them."

While he was talking he rammed his hand in the sack and brought out a wilted bundle. "Blood grass—it's the best thing you can put on a fresh sore. Just mess it up in your hands, like this, till it's sappy enough for a poultice—and smash it on the place."

Annie's anger simmered low as she watched Bud's herb-stained fingers making the poultice. When it was ready she let him put it on her foot, not from any great willingness, but because some inner sense told her that she would appear downright ridiculous if she did anything else.

"Got to have a bandage to hold it there," Bud remarked,

and again retreated across the fence row thicket. When he came back he had in his hand some mullein leaves and a strip of soft bark. "This'll have to do, I reckon." He knelt before her, and completed the job.

Annie knew that it was mannerly to say "much obliged" for Bud's help, but he looked pleased with himself now, she wouldn't thank him overmuch, she decided.

"I hope that's not pigeon weed you've doctored me with," she told him. "That would be a new way of feud fighting."

Bud lifted his curly red head the way he used to do in school when he had the right answer to a question. "I never meant to start the feud up again in that jower with Bennie," he said. "I vow and declare I never did." His eyes met the girl's eyes un-

flinchingly, daring her to believe the truth.

"It's a right smart easier to start a fire than it is to stop it, I reckon," she murmured, looking away to the heights of Near-Side-and-Far.

"Maybe—I allow it is so," Bud replied. He paused, as if considering. When he spoke again, he seemed definitely to have laid aside the subject of the feud. "I'm gathering herbs for money. Saving up to buy myself a banjo."

"I didn't know you followed banjo picking," Annie said, mollified. "I thought your heart was shut up in a fiddle box."

Bud's grin showed teeth as white as the little pebbles that lay along the sand bar of No-End creek. "My heart's free," he answered, "but I've got my head plumb set on having a banjo like the one Uncle Cy Lomas loaned me. It beats a fiddle any old time. Seems like it pret-nigh plays itself—the tunes run out o' your fingers and dance up and down the strings."

It was as if he were speaking to himself now, as if he were dreaming. Maybe, Annie thought wonderingly, he was under some kind of spell. She had heard the old folks round about talk of midsummer madness. That would account for Bud's friendly manner, his feud-free way. Just now he seemed like the Bud of old days when they went to the Hollow School together.

Mammy's song drifted down from the home place again: "There lived an old Lord by the Northern Sea—"

Bud cocked an ear to listen. "That's the tune I've been trying for pret-nigh a month to learn. I've got it all straight in my head but jist one place where the tune goes down, one note after the other—there—right there—'by the Northern Sea.' That's the place where I can't (Continued on page 50)



*Most of us feel that democracy is something precious that we must not lose. Have you thought of your own responsibility to democracy and of what you can contribute toward making democracy work as a way of life?*

DEMOCRACY is a popular word these days. Years ago, when we used it, we referred to the government of countries and we learned neat little definitions of what "democracy" was, but I know it never occurred to me that it had anything to do with myself. And indeed, when I first saw such expressions as "democracy in the school," "democracy in the Scout group," "democracy in the home," I had an irritated feeling. We have a silly habit these days of picking up a catch phrase and using it whether it makes sense or not—and I must confess that that is what I thought we were doing with "democracy." The word sounded too important to fit into any of our smaller classifications, and I felt like saying to it, "Go back and stay where you belong with governments and things like that."

After a while, though, I noticed that people I knew were too intelligent to be repeating a catch phrase were using it with satisfaction. Now the moment that worthwhile people show an interest in something you had not thought of much consequence, it is time for you to begin to wonder if you are not mistaken. Not that you ought to change your opinion just because of that, but you should think again and make sure that you are right. Which is exactly what I decided to do about "democracy." I wanted to see if it did have an everyday meaning after all.

I sat in the dazed way you do when you have been told you really must concentrate, and you don't know how to begin. But that did not get me anywhere, so I decided to try and find out what we mean by "democracy" and then see if that fits in with—well, say with the home. In other words I wanted to know whether, when we talk about "democracy in the home," we mean something definite, or merely like the way the words sound. I got the dictionary, but found no help there. Dictionaries seem to have the same feeling I had, that "democracy" is a "government" word, and they merely say it is "government directly by the people collectively."

Then, as I usually do in time of trouble, I turned to Girl Scouting and found exactly what I wanted. In the new pamphlet called "The Plan of Work," there is this phrase, "happy democratic living depends on a willingness to coöperate and to understand another person's point of view, even when it differs from one's own."

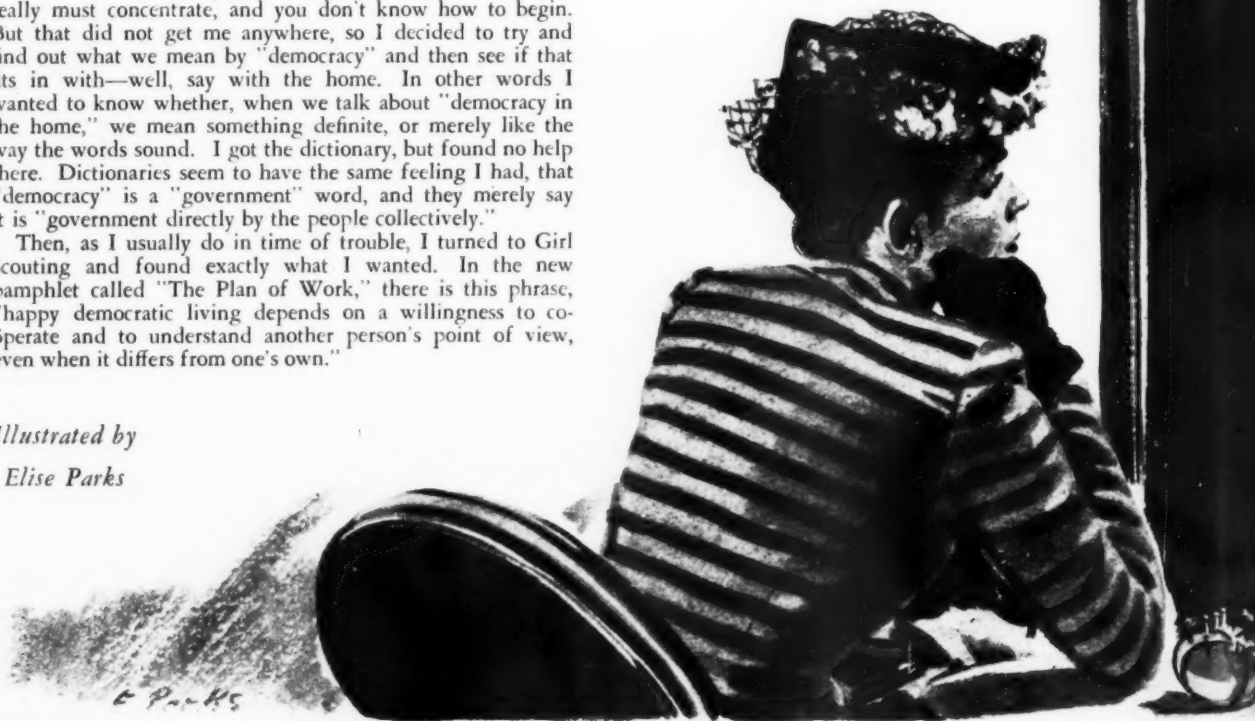
*Illustrated by  
Elise Parks*

# DEMOCRACY

"Ah, ha," said I, "if that is what they mean when they talk about democracy in the home, I'm all for it!"

At which I began to think, "Isn't that a pretty good definition of the modern home, anyway? Isn't it a place where people more or less do coöperate and try to understand each other's point of view?" I'd say there is an extraordinary amount of democracy in our homes to-day. Suppose we stop to consider it a bit. If Dad didn't bring home the cash, and Mother did not run the household wisely, and you and the rest of the family did not pull your weight, you might not have a democratic situation—but as it is, you do. That is what home is, after all, is it not?—a place where each person really belongs and where every one is essential to the well-being of the others.

You know some people call home "the smallest democracy in the world." It is also probably the best, and I like to think that if we can live in it peacefully and profitably together we will help to bring about the day when the nations of the world may learn to do so, too. Does this sound hopelessly idealistic to you—especially in these times when the democracies of the world have suffered such crushing set-backs? Curiously enough it is true. America is the democratic country she is, not because we have had a George Washington and an Abraham Lincoln, but because large numbers of people—simple, ordinary people like you and me and people who have long since died and been forgotten—believed in the principle of democracy to such an extent that they lived it. So when you and I go quietly about our business as efficiently and pleasantly





# *begins at* HOME

By JESSIE A. HUGHES

as we can, we are doing a far bigger thing even than keeping one home happy. We are demonstrating the fact that the best results are obtained by coöperation.

This being so, it does seem important that we should live up to the best that we know in democratic living. I don't believe you need bother about how the rest of the family might improve themselves. You can hardly ever do much to change another person, except by making him want to change. The point is to do something about yourself. Is your small brother rather annoying? Have you tried being nice to him instead of scolding him? Honestly, it will work marvels. Once he has recovered from his initial surprise, the chances are that you will find him astonishingly amenable. Though he may have strange ways of showing it, he is probably proud of you and wishes that you were proud of him. Show him that you are fond of him—he is apt to forget it if you are always criticising. You will really be able to help him a lot if you go about things the right way, and you will be doing a great deal toward making

family life pleasanter for all the members of the household.

What about Mother and Dad? They are doing much more toward making the home a democracy than probably you ever realized. Consider, for instance, how little of his income actually stays in your father's pocket. Most of it goes to support all of you and give you every possible advantage. He wouldn't have it otherwise, but it does make him have to think twice before he buys a new suit and many times before he buys himself any luxury. You can show your gratitude by being thoughtful for him in small ways. Turn out the light when you leave your room. Don't walk off with the radio section of the paper. Talk to him about the things that happened in school. Show, by the attention you pay him, that you are glad and proud to be his daughter.

Now for Mother! Of course you appreciate her efforts to keep the house running smoothly. I sometimes wonder, however, if you think she really enjoys all the routine jobs she has to do. Many of them are just as monotonous as they look, but they are worth while because of what they stand for. They are necessary parts of building a home and so they acquire value. A large proportion of all work, you know, is concerned with uninteresting detail. You find that at school; and if you want to excel in games, does not the same thing hold good in sports? So far as I can see, to succeed in anything you have to be willing to accept a great deal of drudgery. This being so, however, you might give the matter some thought in connection with your mother. You can relieve her considerably by doing your share of the work cheerfully and

TRY TO CHOOSE CLOTHES THAT  
YOU WILL LIKE YOURSELF AND  
YOUR MOTHER WILL APPROVE  
OF. CONSULT HER OFTEN ABOUT  
THEM FOR IT WILL PLEASE HER  
AND BE A REAL HELP TO YOU



methodically, and being careful not to add to her tasks by—well, say by leaving your clothes and books around, for instance. After all, learning to be thoughtful is really learning to coöperate and to understand other people's points of view, isn't it?

Now there is one angle to democracy that I'm fairly sure will take you by surprise. Did it ever occur to you that just liking one another and enjoying being together is one of the most important factors in producing happy living? Because your parents are proud of you and you are proud of them, you tend to understand each other and to coöperate without thinking much about it. This pleasant situation is partly built up by fun you have had together, interesting expeditions you have taken, amusing recollections that you share. Perhaps now you are not at home as much as you used to be. Probably you and your friends have been going off on your own a good deal. This is as it should be—you are growing up and beginning to live your own lives. You will make a great mistake, however, if you draw too far away from family life and, whether they show it or not, you will hurt your mother and father a little. I would suggest that you watch and, if you find you are neglecting those at home, make a point of cultivating them a bit. See to it that you still do things together once in a while. Did you all formerly go to the movies in a group? Suggest such a party occasionally. Do the younger children like to play games in the evening? Don't always be too busy to play, too. By all means enjoy your own friends and have a good time with them, but don't do it to the exclusion of your family. If you do, you will find that you are drifting apart and no longer understanding each other as you used to do.

This business of understanding is rather tricky, you know. No two people ever quite understand each other, even if they are the same age. And when one is over forty and the other just about sixteen, there are bound to be some grounds for differences of opinion. Look how different things are to you than they were when you were only ten! Then you loved to climb trees and would have been bored stiff to sit through an afternoon, knitting. At sixteen you adore dances and parties and everything that goes on late at night; at forty-plus I, like your own mother in all probability, really like the much quieter life I now live. I wouldn't have missed my teens for anything, but I wouldn't want to go back to them. For me it is more fun to be forty-five because forty-five is the age I am.

It is a valuable thing to know, this fact that no one period is the happiest. Each stage of life has something to give that

is worth while. However, it is still true that, because of the difference in years, it is not always easy for one generation to get the other's point of view. Each sees things from a slightly different angle. To acknowledge this doesn't make life difficult—rather, it simplifies matters. It ought, for instance, to make you see why you have to explain things so much more fully than you sometimes think reasonable, and it should help you to learn that, even where there is disagreement, there is usually a perfectly good middle ground to meet on. Parents and children, because they love one another, do want one another's approval and will try to make adjustments wherever possible. Keep your parents' confidence, and you will continue to find living with them a satisfactory experience.

Getting along with adults is one thing—fitting in with your brothers and sisters is another matter. Here again it is partly a question of understanding the other person's point of view, and your job is to be understanding *yourself* and not just rely on the family understanding you. One thing to do, if there are younger children, is to remember the time when you were smaller. Were you really so much less aggravating? If the others are older than you, you will be doing a pretty good job if you realize they are only acting the way you probably will act when you reach their age.

The real causes of friction in families are fairly easy to put your finger on. Anyone who tries to grab more than her share of anything, be it candy or attention, is certainly going to start a row. Try not to be that sort of person. Borrowing is another constant source of trouble. It is not fair to borrow your sister's stockings because you have a run in yours, or to take your brother's pen because you have left yours at school. If you have the borrowing habit, try to get over it. By respecting other people's belongings, you will increase your own self-respect and add greatly to the happiness of the home.

And one other thing—respect their personal privacy. Don't blurt out something they want kept secret. Don't laugh at their ideas, or friends, or the embarrassing things that have happened to them. Be as considerate of them as you would

have them be of you. Remember, true democracy in the home depends on coöperating with everyone in it, and understanding each point of view. And that applies to your brothers and sisters quite as much as to your parents.

Of course your very best bet in this matter of family accord is to uncover your guard a little and show your affection. You are fond of them, you know, so why not be a bit more demonstrative?

I have been talking, so far, as if I expected you to do practically all the coöperating. That isn't what I mean. I know it has to be an all-round business, but I want to call your attention to what you, yourself, can do.

And now, are you needing help? Probably you are wanting to get permission to do a lot of things you have never done before—go places you have never (Continued on page 49)

## *Bad Winds Blow Some Good*

BY ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN

A bad wind always blows some good!  
The hurricane felled pines that stood  
Against the clouds, and levelled flat  
Briars where rabbits sit down at  
Their housekeeping and family duties—  
And so those smooth and silky beauties  
Who live on rabbit meat and wind,  
Red foxes, read the breeze and grinned  
To think of all the domiciles  
Open to them for miles and miles.

But the rabbits moved to town,  
And I could see them sitting down  
On my citified young beets,  
And flattening my lettuce with their seats—  
And I went out and gave them grown  
Carrots, to leave my carrots alone.

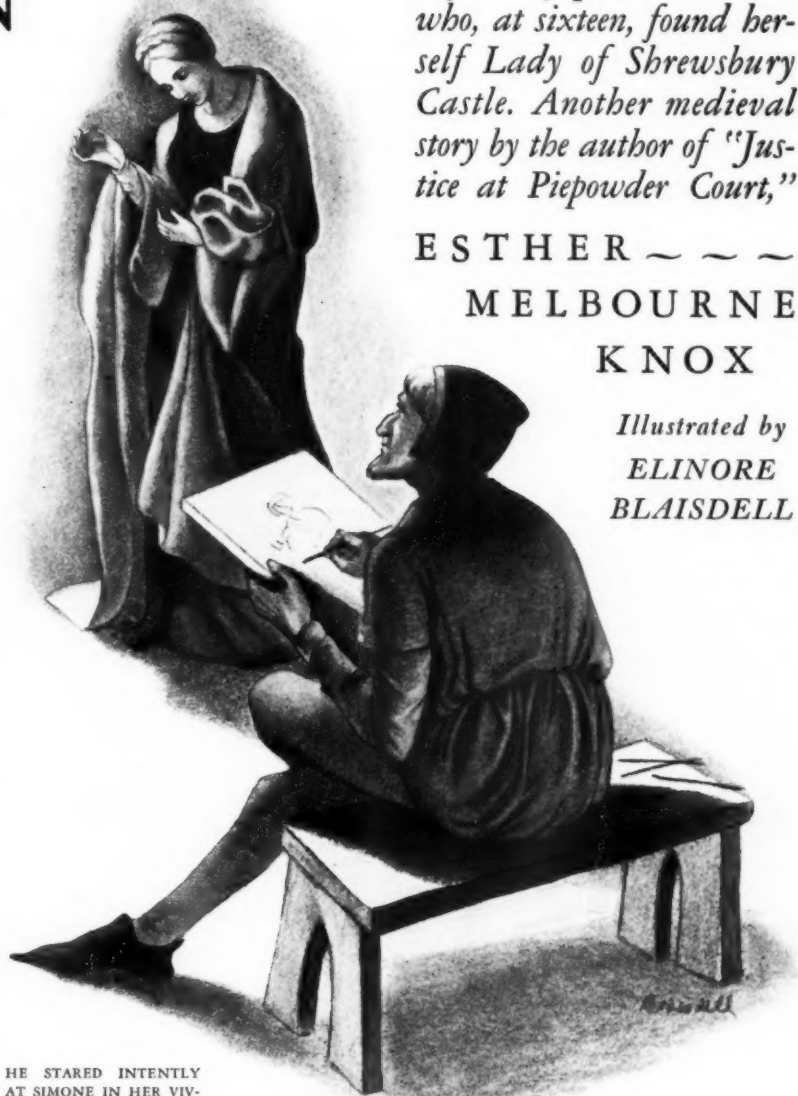
So now I have the forest grace  
Tumbling, bright-eyed, around my place—  
Forest silks and jewel eyes  
And downy mischief every size—  
And this I should not have at all  
Without a hurricane to fall  
Upon the woods and briar patches,  
And foxes pulling at the latches  
Of rabbits' homes, till rabbits flee  
And come to town to live with me.

# TRUMPETER SWAN

THE pale westering sun of a late September afternoon flooded the broad plain of the Severn in England's fertile shire of Salop. It fell upon the cold walls and grim donjon of Shrewsbury Castle—the new stronghold of the Norman Earl, Roger de Montgomery, and his motherless daughter, Simone.

The plain, of course, had not changed for centuries. It was still surrounded by wide sweeps of thick, green forest, by shaggy, rounded hills. It was still pricked by the sharp, cold beauty of a few isolated mountain peaks. But change was there, nevertheless—change that carried deadly potions of rage and despair. It was evident in every flock of thin sheep, every untended field, every pale, downcast face. And the fine, arrogant castle was the symbol of this change. Its very presence in this far western valley meant that Norman-French dominance was now complete in England, for Salop had been one of the last shires to fall under the Conqueror's siege.

In the ancient village of Shrewsbury huddling abjectly around and below the castle, conditions were grave, indeed. It had been a prosperous market town before the Conquest. Its location was good, its crafts skillfully plied. But now its people faced ruin, for while King William exacted no greater total levy from the town than had been paid to their own King Edward's collectors, no adjustment had been made for new conditions. What, the villagers protested, of the fifty houses pulled down to make room for the castle? That tax had not been deducted. And what, too, of the fifty houses so damaged as to be uninhabitable? And of the forty-three more occupied now by Frenchmen who were tax exempt, but for whom tax must somehow be paid? And what of the thirty-nine townsmen the Earl had carelessly handed over, as one gives chattels, to the building of the new abbey at the edge of the town? These men could pay no tax since they received no wage. But someone had to make up their share. What of—what of—their protest rose despairingly, but there was no answer. The earldom was a large one, and the Earl de Montgomery far too busy with his responsibilities afield to bother with conditions on his own doorstep.



HE STARED INTENTLY AT SIMONE IN HER VIVID GOWN AND BEGAN TO SKETCH RAPIDLY

*England after the Norman Conquest seemed a cold and unfriendly place to Simone who, at sixteen, found herself Lady of Shrewsbury Castle. Another medieval story by the author of "Justice at Piepowder Court,"*

ESTHER ~ ~ ~  
MELBOURNE  
KNOX

*Illustrated by*  
ELINORE  
BLAISDELL

This September day the young mistress of the castle, sixteen-year-old Simone de Montgomery, was listlessly making ready to feed the swans that swam all day in the river pool below the strong west wall. She knew nothing—and cared less—about conditions in the village of Shrewsbury. She only knew that she was homesick, lonely, and cold. Indeed, feeding the swans was the only duty she had ventured to undertake as Lady of Shrewsbury, although it was full six months since she had come to England from her grandfather's chateau in southern France to her father's lonely household.

To-day, as usual, she had risen with the eager hope that she would have news of Quimby. Quimby was an old friend



of her grandfather—a philosopher, an artist, and the finest glassmaker in all Christendom. He had promised, months ago, to do some of his beautiful work here in the castle and in the new abbey her father was building in the town. But day after monotonous day had drawn to a close without sight of him, without even a reassuring message that he was on his way to England.

And here it was, sunset again. She was sick with longing for news of home, eager for a confidant to sympathize with her hard lot. When Quimby saw how impossible these stupid English were, how dreary and chill their climate, he would surely consent to take her back with him to the gayety and warmth of Provence.

SHE filled her flat basket with bits of bread and meat from the cupboards in the kitchen building and, pulling her red woolen cloak more closely about her, walked with lagging step across the courtyard and through the small gate that gave on the west parapet. She was aware, as she skirted the angle of the stable, that a boy—towheaded and snub-nosed—was brushing the satin coat of a big bay horse and that he stopped his work to stare after her. Well, let him stare!

She did not, of course, hear his remark to the serving maid who happened by, just then, with an armful of fresh rushes for the floor of the Hall. Even if she had heard, she would not have been enlightened for she understood no English. "Poor young pretty," was what the boy said. "I'd like to take her to Mother's house in the village, I would, where a body can laugh a bit, even if he has troubles." And the maid, English also, had answered, with a laugh, "But not on an eve when your father is holdin' one of those guild meetin's of his—wi' the door heavy-barred, eh, Thomas?"

Her laughter followed Simone along the parapet and made her grind her small white teeth. Stupid cattle, these English! Would they never learn how to regard a lady of noble birth? The familiar sight of the swans warmed her a little. Some were crowded among the grasses of the pool that lapped against the wall, some diving for lamprey and newts, others swimming in stately groups of two or three, each snowy mother followed closely by her awkward covey of half-grown cygnets, sooty-brown and endearing. When they saw the scarlet flutter of Simone's cloak against the gray stone, they all began swimming toward her, wings lifted, white necks arched, beady black eyes hungrily agleam.

Simone searched beyond them for her favorite, the Trumpeter swan. The others were northern-bred birds, but the Trumpeter was like those she had fed at home in the stream that caught the sunshine of her grandfather's garden. He was more delicately made than the others. His bill was coal black instead of bright yellow; his movements were quicker, smoother, and his white breast cut the dull water like the prow of a small, valiant ship. His mate was a whistling swan from Iceland, born to withstand the bitter cold of northern winters.

Simone tossed a tiny piece of meat into the midst of their covey of nine eager little cygnets, and a big piece toward the Trumpeter. But he turned away. He seemed indifferent and restless. Simone thought she knew why. Did he sense, as she did, that there was change in the air to-day? Were not the sun's rays weaker? Dried oak leaves floated on the surface of the water and seed pods rattled among the grasses. Yes, the Trumpeter was restless because he knew it was time for him to take the swan road—the sea—south to warmth and freedom.

Simone's heart gave a quick thump. If Quimby came soon, would not she, too, soon be traveling the same road? She turned, startled at the hollow sound of a step on the stone flagging. A soldier from the castle guard bowed before her.

"The Royal Swanherd waits in the court, my lady," he announced in French. "In the Earl's absence, I knew you would wish to receive him."

Simone looked up at the man with hostile dignity. "What is the business of a Royal Swanherd here? And, granting he has business, why should I give him audience?"

The soldier explained, with the grave patience one accords a difficult child. "He comes with his men at the end of each summer to up the swans, lady—to count and record the new ones. And to place the Earl's mark—his *cygninota*—upon their bills before he renews our lord's license for another year. He visits all great houses so."

She raised shocked dark eyes. "But how dreadful! Swans are wild things. Why should they be required to wear a brand?"

"It is the law," he told her, surprised at the change in her face.

She turned a little wildly from him to the swans. "I will receive him, then," she murmured. When the man had gone, she knelt on the cold stone and leaned far over the wall's edge. "You must go to-day, Trumpeter," she whispered urgently. "Go while you can."

She was smiling, however—if the mirthless grimace that distorted her mouth could be called a smile—as she walked back to the court. "I wonder—could it also be the law in this cruel land to mark people with *cygninota*? And if this should be so, where would the brand be carved? On the heart, perhaps? Yes, it would be graven on the heart. Of that I am certain."

The Royal Swanherd was magnificently dressed in black and silver. Although he was obviously English, his beard



SHE WAS SICK WITH LONGING FOR NEWS FROM HOME



was smartly clipped in the Norman style and his cloak fastened at his shoulder with a jewel. "They did not tell me," he said obsequiously, in French so accented that it hurt Simone's sensitive ears, "that to be an earl's daughter is also to be a Provence rose." He looked up to smile widely and was checked by the frostiness of the girl's glance.

"This swan upping," she asked, "does it hurt the birds? Are they frightened?"

He reassured her. "Oh, I think not, lady, although it is hard to be sure, of course. The cygninota is made quickly with the sharp point of a knife—thus. But are you ill? You shivered with such violence."

Simone tried to smile. "No, it was just—just that I thought suddenly of something else."

"I have news for you, my lady," went on the Swanherd. "But first, since it nears sunset, may I bed my men with the soldiers so they will be in readiness for their work to-morrow?"

Simone's eyes showed a spark at the mention of news. "Yes, yes," she cried, impatiently. "Send them to the garri-

son. And allow me to offer you the hospitality of the castle in my father's absence. But tell me quickly—come you from the direction of the port? There is a ship in, perhaps? A ship from home?"

"Ah, you have guessed it, my lady. I do come from the port, and I carry a message to my lord from a man of your very town. Do you recall the name of Quimby? Quimby of Grasse?"

In spite of herself, Simone was twisting her hands together like an eager child. "Quimby! He's here at last! I was beginning to think he had forgotten all about us. Did he say why he has been so long in coming?"

"He was delayed only because it was necessary for him to stop in Limoges, lady. He journeyed with me from the port and is no doubt being received this minute by the abbot. He plans to return to France before snow flies, for he likes not this climate." The man threw back his head and laughed. "Just wait until you see him. He is wearing three cloaks."

That night, in her high wooden bed, Simone pulled the

cover of pieced sheepskins up to her chin and stared straight ahead into the darkness. She had retired early, scorning to appear at the feast served in the Hall for the Royal Swanherd's entertainment. Why should she bother with a man whose accent was as barbarous as his work? Let her father's seneschal do the honors. She was annoyed at the far-off sounds of singing and laughter that trespassed along the corridors to her very doorstep to interrupt her dreams. "But Quimby will be here in the morning," she comforted herself as she fell asleep.

The morning came and went, however, with no visitors. Simone was in a fever of impatience. She was sharp with her maid and ordered the seneschal away when he came to question her about the old man's arrival. Dreading to come upon the Swanherd at his ugly work, she kept indoors. Finally, she threw down her embroidery frame.

"Edda, go and find out if the upping of the swans is completed. It is sunset. I will not be so delayed in feeding the birds."

The maid was back in a minute. "All is quiet again, lady," she reported. "The Swanherd and his men have just departed."

But before she had finished speaking, Simone had left the room. She filled her basket in the kitchens and hurried to



the west parapet. The Swanherd and his men had indeed done their work. She was dismayed at the broken rushes, the scattered feathers, the strong nets drying on the wall. The swans themselves were huddled together in disconsolate little groups, and even at a distance Simone could make out the sharp new mark on each yellow bill.

The Trumpeter was far down the pool in a small, reedy seclusion, swimming nervously around his mate and their tumbling cygnets. "Oh, Trumpeter, why did you not go?" Simone murmured, tears welling into her eyes.

A SMALL, grizzle-haired man, muffled to his chin in several woolen cloaks, one atop of the other, had approached the pool, unseen by the girl. Himself unobserved, he studied her keenly—her red cloak, the basket on her arm, the despondent droop of her lips.

"They told me I would find you feeding the swans," he said presently.

"Quimby!" Simone, flinging herself into the old man's arms, burst into a flood of weeping.

"Not so fast, not so fast!" Quimby held her off at arm's length, searching her face with his warm, dark eyes. "Are you not glad to see me, my daughter? Have you been ill? Or is it that your new duties are too difficult?"

"Duties? I have no duties—none but this one!" Simone indicated the basket and the restless birds. Tears splashed down again on the rough wool of her cloak.

Quimby patted her shoulder. "No good ever came of feeling sorry for oneself, my dear. Feeding the swans is a pleasant duty. You used to enjoy it mightily at home." He rubbed his hands together doubtfully. "I would have thought, of course, that the lady of so great an earldom would have many responsibilities. Your father—"

"Oh, Father is hardly ever home," Simone interrupted. "He is always afield, administering justice, or attending court."

"I realize," said Quimby in a mild tone, "that so great a castle as this must have an excellent seneschal, and maids and stableboys and guards who know their work. But—is there not some part for you to play? The village, perhaps? With that warm heart of yours—"

Simone shook her head. "I stay away from the village. It is a chill, ugly place. There is hate in every face. You do not know, Quimby!" She twisted a fold of his cloak in fingers that trembled. "Take me home when you go," she besought him. "Father doesn't need me here. I shall die in this cold, cruel country." Noting the old glass worker's quizzical look, she went on more urgently, "You don't understand how barbarous it is. Why, do you know that a Swanherd travels around this country—he was here to-day—marking birds? He carves on their poor bills the cygninota of the house to which they belong. Think—only think of that!"

The old man considered her words gravely. "Well, I don't know, Simone. Isn't it something for even a swan to have his place?"

"But—but swans are free!"

Quimby smiled. "Freedom is something different for every living creature, Simone. For some it's going. For others, it's staying. For all, it's simply doing what must be done."

"Duty, you mean?" The tilt of her chin was disdainful.

"Some call it that—others think of it as something else."

"Well, I still think marking swans is dreadful," muttered Simone rebelliously. "They'll be putting a mark on humans yet."

"Does not each of us have his own cygninota, my child? Unlike the swans, however, we can sometimes choose our own mark," Quimby bowed. "Thank you for reminding me that I bear the artist's stamp, not the courtier's. So to work, my dear!"

"I was at a loss, as I journeyed, to find a subject for my

medallion for your Lady Chapel. But when I came upon you here, wrapped in your ruby cloak, it flashed upon me like a great light." He backed away a few paces and looked at her critically. "Tell me, have you, too, a gown of that color? With fur, perhaps? And will you arrange your hair in our good Southern fashion, wound like a crown? The medallion is to be—yes, we shall call it 'Our Lady of the Swans.'"

"That will be wonderful!" breathed Simone.

"Will you please to ready yourself at once, my dear?" smiled the old man. "I wish to do the rough sketch to-day, and I will need a large, smooth board on which to draw. To-morrow I must work at the abbey, but I will return to the castle with tools and materials for the work here."

Later, smoothing the board with gentle fingers, he stared intently at Simone in her vivid gown. Then he drew a swift, large oval with a bit of charcoal. "Bend forward, my child," he murmured, "and curve your arm as if you held something precious. Do not smile. Remember, feeding the birds is a serious business—to them. There will be a swan at your feet. And around you the beneficence of blue, blue water."

The composition began to take shape under his swift fingers.

"Why," cried Simone, forgetting her pose for a moment to peer, "it's really like me! And that's the Trumpeter—you've made his bill black."

"Surely you did not think a man from Provence would draw a Northern swan," twinkled the old artist.

It was necessary for the glassmaker to divide his time between the abbey and the castle, so work on the medallion progressed slowly. A few days after Quimby had made the sketch, however, an oxcart rumbled into the courtyard, filled with tools and materials of his craft—most of them he had had to bring with him from France. The delicate art of making stained glass—or of making any glass at all—was unknown in England, although it had been practiced in southern Europe for many centuries.

Quimby directed the unpacking of a great iron cauldron, many sacks of fine white sand, a bundle of lead strips, several carved wooden casques containing the various metallic oxides with which he would dye the glass. His fine tools were carefully wrapped in brown linen.

The fire under the cauldron must be kept always at the proper fierce heat, the ingredients meticulously measured and stirred. Simone was thrilled to help. And from the moment the old artist set up his workshop, he had an absorbed audience—guards, stablemen, maids, kitchen boys. Mere work was impossible when magic was being made in a corner of the unfinished chapel.

THERE was another kind of magic afoot, too. It puzzled Simone. Quimby could speak English and from that first day he talked much, as he worked, with the servants who watched him so eagerly. They liked him. Their responsive faces and ready smiles made that fact plain. They listened to him with respect, answering gravely and now and then, at considerable length.

"What do you find to talk about to such stupid animals?" asked Simone crossly one day.

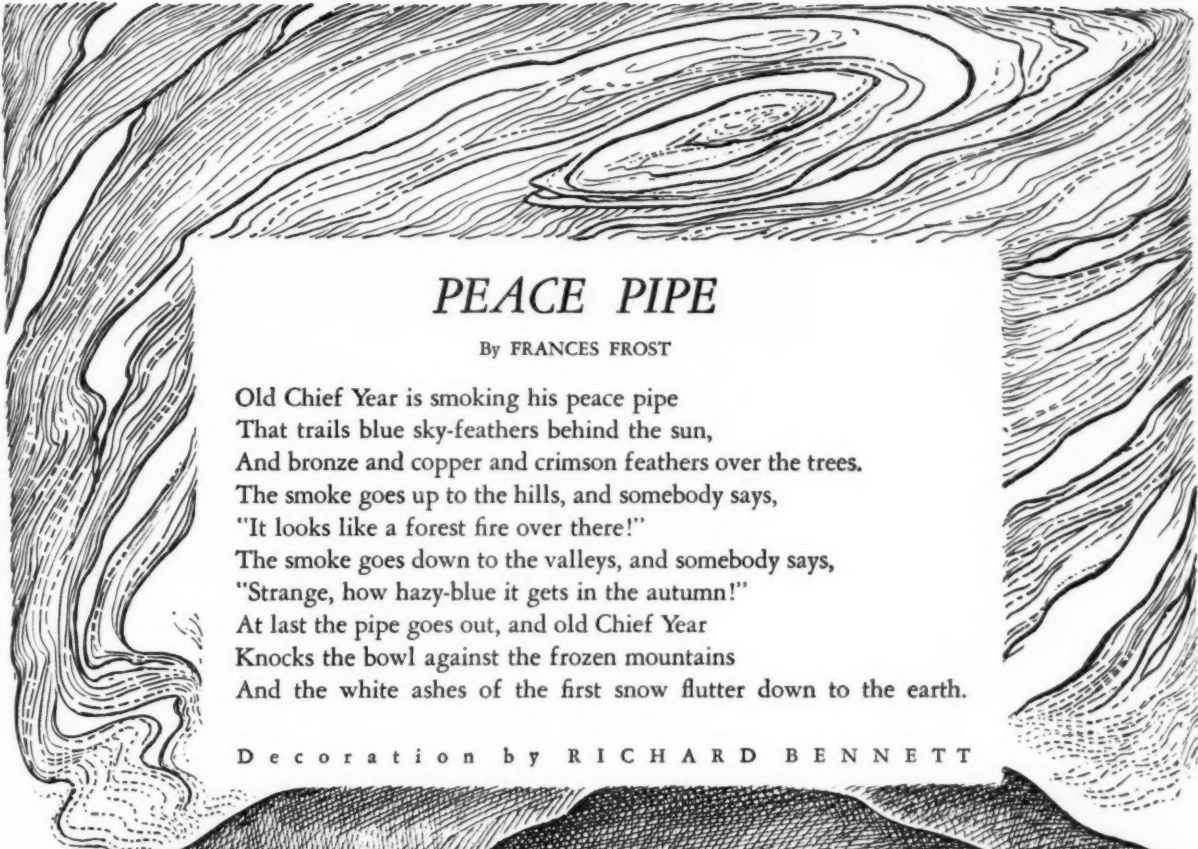
"It is a pity, little Simone," Quimby said, "that you have not troubled to learn the tongue of these—stupid animals. You would learn much."

"I? Learn from such as they?" flashed the girl. "You joke!"

The artist's sensitive fingers curled around his blowpipe. He smiled at Thomas, the stableboy. "Your lady wishes to know of what we talk. Some day I will find a way to tell her, but to-day is not the time, eh?"

The boy shook his head as he glanced at Simone's red cheeks and angry eyes.

"Well, as I cannot understand what they say, there is surely no impropriety in asking!" Her (*Continued on page 41*)



## PEACE PIPE

By FRANCES FROST

Old Chief Year is smoking his peace pipe  
That trails blue sky-feathers behind the sun,  
And bronze and copper and crimson feathers over the trees.  
The smoke goes up to the hills, and somebody says,  
"It looks like a forest fire over there!"  
The smoke goes down to the valleys, and somebody says,  
"Strange, how hazy-blue it gets in the autumn!"  
At last the pipe goes out, and old Chief Year  
Knocks the bowl against the frozen mountains  
And the white ashes of the first snow flutter down to the earth.

Decoration by RICHARD BENNETT





# THE DUMB SHOW *by*

EDITH BALLINGER PRICE



MR. BRISTLE TILTED UP AN INVISIBLE GINGER-ALE BOTTLE AND APPEARED TO DRINK DEEPLY

MR. WILLIAM WITHERSPOON looked up from his newspaper as a rapidly moving form shot past him to the bookshelves. The hurtling object resolved itself into the figure of his young daughter, and Mr. Witherspoon inquired indulgently, "Well, my bubbling Bobo, what are you after in such a hurry?"

"Got to look for it in Webster's un-a-something dictionary," Bobo murmured.

"What have you mislaid in Mr. Webster's unabridged dictionary, my child?" asked her father. "Could it be a bobby pin, or a knitting needle, or a postage stamp, or a—"

"Father," Bobo snorted scornfully, "you know perfectly

well what I mean. I haven't mislaid anything. I'm looking for a word."

"Perhaps I could help you?" Mr. Witherspoon suggested.

"Well, you probably could, Father," Bobo agreed, "but I'd rather do this myself. You see, Miss Roberts wants us to be as Independent and Resourceful as possible."

"Excellent woman, Miss Roberts," said Mr. Witherspoon. "Perfect model of a Girl Scout leader. This *is* to do with Scouting, I gather?"

"Um," assented Bobo, flapping over pages. Her father turned again to the newspaper, and for some minutes there was a surprisingly deep silence, considering that Bobo was



in the room. Presently, however, Webster was shut with a ponderous thud and Bobo, frowning, said explosively, "But Miss Roberts couldn't mean us to do that. She just couldn't."

"Eh?" Mr. Witherspoon came out of his paper again.

"She said we were to portray some of the benefits of Girl Scouting, in pantomime—and the dictionary keeps saying that pantomime is a *dumb show*. But I know Miss Roberts wouldn't want us to put on a dumb show—she'd want a *good show*."

Mr. Witherspoon went suddenly behind his newspaper, which quivered slightly. "May I observe," he said, "that you're a dumb-bell? Pantomime means to act out something without using words—so you might as well think no more about it, my dear daughter. You couldn't do *anything* without talking, could you? Just try saying, 'Bobo babbles blissfully,' ten times; then perhaps you'd be ready for pantomime, if you were sufficiently breathless."

Bobo made as if to spring at her jesting parent, but thought better of it. She sat motionless for a moment as a new idea took shape in her effervescent brain; then she flew to the telephone to put it instantly into execution. Without stopping to find out whether the voice at the other end of the wire belonged at Mr. Bristle's place of business, or at the local police station, for instance, which she might have gotten by mistake, she plunged enthusiastically into her message.

"Hullo, Mr. Bristle—this is me. I've got to see you about a very important matter. When would you like me to—"

"But this is not Mr. Bristle," a discouraging voice cut in. "This is his secretary. What is your name, little girl? Mr. Bristle is very busy."

"I'm not a little girl; I'm Bobo Witherspoon. Please tell Mr. Bristle I'll be at his house at five o'clock, thank you very much, good-by."

A dubious secretary left a memorandum to this effect, among others, on his employer's desk.

Half-past four found the irrepressible visitor ringing at the old gentleman's front door. His housekeeper, when she opened it, presented a discouraging and doubtful face.

"If you want to see Mr. Bristle, he isn't in for any little girls to-day," she stated firmly. "He came home with a headache."

Bobo was undeterred. "Then I'm sure I can cheer him up," she said hopefully. "I expect he needs Distracting from Business. Besides, he *said* he'd see me at five." It was Bobo who had said so, but she had forgotten that.

"It's only four-thirty, to my way of thinking," the housekeeper observed.

"Miss Roberts says," pursued Bobo triumphantly, "that

there ought to be an extra Scout law—A Girl Scout is Punctual."

"A virtue I wish some business men would practice," a loud voice called from the living room. "If that's Bobo, Mrs. Larson, show her in—show her in."

"It *is* Bobo," the caller beamed. "I *knew* you wanted to see me. I do hope your headache is better."

"Won't get better if you yell at me," Mr. Bristle grumbled. "You always seem to think I'm deaf. Or—don't tell me it's Girl Shout Week again?" He gave a reminiscent chuckle.

"But that's just what it is, Mr. Bristle. It *is* Girl Scout Week, and I need your help," Bobo told him earnestly.

"Hmp," said the old gentleman, "don't you try your wheedlesome ways on me, young lady."

"Oh, it isn't anything big, this time," Bobo assured him.

"Nothing like the land for the day camp, or the shack, or anything like that. You see, Miss Roberts told us that somebody, who wishes to remain anonymous, is giving an award for the best entry in a contest the troops are having for Girl Scout Week. By the way, Mr. Bristle, why *would* anybody wish to remain anonymous—whatever that is?"

Mr. Bristle gulped. "Don't know," he mumbled, "unless they were ashamed of 'em-

selves. That might be it—you never can tell."

"Well, anyway," Bobo proceeded, "we're supposed to show some of the benefits of Girl Scouting, and we're meant to do it in pantomime. That's a dumb show, but not the kind of dumb I thought at first—it means acting without any words."

Mr. Bristle shook gently. His headache was apparently better. "I can see where that *might* be kind of hard for you," he chortled. "But just where do I fit into this?"

"Well, you see," began Bobo, sitting on the edge of her chair, "I thought—by the way, do you like to act, Mr. Bristle?"

"No," shouted the old gentleman forcibly, "I do *not*! Bobo Witherspoon, if you think for a minute that you're going to get me up on some kind of a stage, you're greatly mistaken, my dear young lady. Besides, this thing is for Girl Scouts—not for old fellers like me."

"But that's just it," urged Bobo. "Do listen. All the other people are going to show the benefits of Scouting to *themselves*. I think somebody ought to show the benefits of Scouting to grown-ups, to—the Gen'ral Public. Didn't you give us the land for the day camp—and the shack—and that lovely big piece of wall board for me to do my poster on—and all kinds of things?"

"Can't deny it," agreed Mr. Bristle, "but it seems to me all those things benefited the Girl Scouts—now didn't they? Where'd I come in?" He settled back complacently.

"But you *did*—you know you did," Bobo reminded him excitedly. "Don't you remember how you loved our picnic in your woods, and chewing the sassafras leaves, and having that snake in your pocket? You said you hadn't had such a good time since you were a boy. *That* benefited you. And oh, dear Mr. Bristle, ever since you've been sort of mixed up in Girl Scouting you've been much, much nicer, truly you have. Nobody could possibly be afraid of you any more, I'm sure."

Mr. Bristle writhed uncomfortably in his easy chair.

*A slight confusion on the part of Bobo Witherspoon over the word "pantomime," and the involuntary participation of Mr. Bristle in her plans, play a large part in this rollicking Girl Scout Week story*

*Illustrated by MERLE REED*

"Hrrrumph!" he said noisily. "Mrs. Larson, bring in some cake or something for the young lady."

"I don't want cake," said Bobo with extreme nobility. "I want you to say you'll portray the Benefits of Girl Scouting to Grown-ups, in dumb show."

"The answer is 'No!'" the outraged old gentleman belated. "Horatio Bristle is not going to be in any show, dumb or otherwise. That's final."

Bobo sat in profound and unusual silence. Even she understood the word "final" when pronounced in a tone like that.

"But I tell you what I *will* do," her host added suddenly. "There's a whole string of reasons why I couldn't possibly take part in this contest, but I will make a little speech, if that'll please you. I'll come, and I'll make a little speech about Girl Scouting and the General Public. That would fit in all right, hey?"

"Of course, it's not the same thing at all," Bobo said mournfully. "Besides—it's supposed to be all pantomime."

"But this wouldn't be part of the show," Mr. Bristle argued, pounding his knee. "It couldn't be. I tell you there's reasons why I couldn't come into the contest in any shape or form. I'll make a little speech. Take it, or leave it."

"I suppose I'll have to take it," Bobo sighed. "Thank you. It'll be better than not having you there at all."

"You take the cake," chuckled Mr. Bristle, employing an antiquated bit of slang, but Bobo looked so hopefully about, that he uproariously besought Mrs. Larson to hurry along with the refreshments.

Bobo still had a piece of cake in her hand when she strolled meditatively away from the house. Her host had insisted that she should leave nothing on the plate. "Save Mrs. Larson the trouble of putting it away," he had urged. She was pensive as she walked slowly along, scuffing through bright, fallen leaves. Definitely, she was disappointed. She still thought it would be wonderful to have Mr. Bristle act out, with her, some of the benefits Girl Scouting could bring to members of the community, even to those as elderly and substantial as himself. Making a little speech was such a pompous, grown-upish thing to do. And Mr. Bristle, ever since Bobo and her fellow Red Roses had thawed him out, had proved to be anything but pompous and grown-up. Miss Roberts had wanted every one to think out something to act. Bobo had been Independent and Resourceful, and now her idea was frustrated, and she was left stranded. She supposed she would have to join forces with the others, whatever they'd thought up to do.

The others, it appeared at the next meeting, had thought up a number of things. In fact, Jane Burke had had the good idea of letting Red Rose Troop demonstrate the ten activity fields of the new Girl Scout program. In ten groups, she said, they could portray these things in a way the spectators would never forget.

"I'll bet they wouldn't," Vera commented. "Sounds like a large order, to me."

"Not at all," Jane insisted. "There are twenty of us. We can do it in pairs. For instance—we'll start off with the Out-of-Doors. You and Betty can be laying a fire and pretending to cook something, and—"

"Kind of old stuff, isn't it?" Vera protested.

"Not the way we'll do it," Jane stated in her assured manner. "Then Homemaking—that'll be easy. And so will International Friendship—we can have some nice costumes for that."

"Come to think of it, there are twenty-one of us, counting Bobo," Helen suddenly reminded the group.

Jane sighed. She had had her own troubles ever since the day when Bobo Witherspoon had flown up from Starlight Brownie Pack to Red Rose Troop. "Well, I don't suppose we *have* to do it absolutely in pairs," she said, "though it would be neater. Bobo can just fit in around the edges of one of the scenes. She can hold something."

"It won't be her tongue," giggled Lillian.

"We could simply leave her out," grumbled Betty.

"That would never do," Jane said. "She'd be awfully disappointed—it wouldn't be fair. We'll have to risk it, though you never can tell what she'll do."

"Don't see how she can do much, just holding a flag, or a frying pan, or something," Vera reflected.

Joan spoke up suddenly. "Miss Roberts said we were each to think up an independent idea," she reminded them. "Seems to me you're doing most of the thinking, Jane?"

That was a way Jane had, of course. And the trouble was, her ideas were usually so good and so decisively put that other people didn't bother to think.

"If we each had (Continued on page 36)



BOBO, STILL WITH A PIECE OF CAKE IN HER HAND, STROLLED MEDITATIVELY HOMEWARD



# LET'S GO FISHING

By JANE CARTER

FILLETS OF BAKED PERCH  
WITH NEW POTATO BALLS  
GARNISHED WITH PARSLEY

CHEESE SAUCE ADDS A  
PIQUANT FLAVOR TO  
OYSTERS SERVED ON HAM

*The important question about fish is not whether you caught it on a line or at the fish market, but how best to cook it after it is "caught"*

HOW do you do your fishing? A rod and line from a shady bank on a summer day? Or a trip to the fish market, be the weather hot or cold? I'm afraid that second one is my way—for though I've tried many times, the only exciting thing I ever caught with a hook turned out to be a turtle!

Not so very many years ago, the only fresh fish that came into the local markets were those that could be caught in near-by waters. People living along the seacoasts and lakes lived largely on fish; people in the inland regions usually had to go without. But with modern methods of refrigeration, canning, and freezing it is possible now to go fishing almost anywhere and at any season, and be sure you won't come away empty handed.

You can even decide ahead of time on the kind and size of the fish you want to catch! It might be several little butterfish, or a thick salmon steak, or a fillet or two—those long boneless strips—of cod or haddock. You might choose oysters in the shell, or quick-frozen ones in a package. There are lots of advantages in my way of fishing!

The really important question is how to cook your fish after it's "caught." And while it is probably true that any fresh fish can be cooked in almost any fashion, it is well to know whether your fish is rich in fat, or of the dry-meated variety, before you decide whether to get out your frying pan, or light your oven.

An oily-meated or fat fish—shad, salmon, mackerel, lake trout, whitefish, and bluefish are all in this class—is especially good when baked or broiled. But if you want a fish to boil, or steam, or fry, a dry-meated one like the cod, halibut, haddock, striped bass, or pike is a much better choice. But whatever the fish or the cooking method, there is one general rule to apply: *don't overcook any fish*—or it will be dry and flavorless, and apt to fall to pieces.

In my recipes this month I'm including general rules for baking, broiling, boiling, and frying fish; and then, of



course, some ideas for using left-over cooked fish, or canned fish; three simple but unusual recipes for oysters; and a fish pudding that more than hints of its Scandinavian ancestry.

Here's something else to think about carefully, too. What you serve with fish in the way of garnish, or relish, or sauce is almost as important as the fish itself. Lemon half-slices dipped in chopped parsley, a sprinkle of paprika, tomato wedges, or radish roses do wonders in adding a bit of color. Crisp cucumber slices, pickled beets, coleslaw, chili sauce, or tart vegetable relish will "cut" the fat taste in an oily fish. Richer sauces—a creamy white sauce to which you can add chopped, hard-cooked eggs, chopped parsley, cooked peas, diced pimiento, or grated cheese—will perk up the flavor of the less rich variety.

## Baked Fish

1. Fat fish are preferable. Select steaks, fillets, or the whole fish. (The fish dealer will clean and bone the whole fish for you, if you ask him.) If the leaner fish are baked, they should be brushed thoroughly with melted butter, oil, or French dressing, or covered with thin slices of salt pork.
2. Season with salt and pepper. A little lemon juice may be added, if desired.
3. Place in a greased, shallow baking pan.



4. Bake, uncovered, in a very hot oven (500° F.) 10 minutes; reduce heat to 350° F. and continue baking 15 to 25 minutes longer, depending on size and thickness of fish.
5. Serve on hot platter with garnish of lemon slices and parsley. One pound of fish serves 2 to 3 persons.

#### *Baked Fillets* (in bread crumbs)

2 to 3 pounds fish fillets      1 cup milk  
Salt      Fine bread crumbs  
Melted butter

Cut fish into portions for serving—3 per pound. Add salt to milk. Dip fish into milk, cover with crumbs, and place in greased, shallow baking pan. Pour the melted butter over fish. Bake, uncovered, in very hot oven (500° F.) 10 to 12 minutes, depending on thickness of fish. *Do not* add water. This method of cooking makes the crumbs crisp and brown, and the cooking odor of fish is practically eliminated.

#### *Broiled Fish*

1. Select small whole fish (have them cleaned and split down the back) or use slices of larger fish, or fish fillets.
2. Dry thoroughly; sprinkle with salt, pepper, and lemon juice, if desired.
3. Place whole fish, skin side down, on greased broiler and broil 10 minutes, or until nicely browned. Turn and broil until skin is crisp.
4. For fish slices, or fillets, brush with melted butter. Brown evenly on both sides, using a pancake turner to turn fish. Serve on hot platter with melted butter and lemon juice— $\frac{1}{4}$  cup butter, creamed with 2 teaspoons lemon juice and a few gratings of the rind. One pound of fish serves 2 to 3 persons.

#### *Boiled Fish*

1. Select lean fish—cod, haddock, pike, etc.—using the whole fish, steak slices, or fillets. Salmon, a fat fish, may be boiled, if handled carefully, and served cold with mayonnaise.
2. Wrap fish in cheesecloth or parchment cooking paper, or lay in wire basket.
3. Place in kettle. Cover with hot—*not boiling*—water, measuring the water as it is put into the kettle, and adding  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon salt and  $\frac{1}{2}$  tablespoon lemon juice or vinegar for each quart of water used.
4. Cover and simmer—*not boil*—until fish just separates from the bone—6 to 10 minutes per pound for whole fish; 10 to 20 minutes per pound for fillets, or slices, depending upon thickness.
5. Serve hot with a sauce, or cold with mayonnaise, or in a salad. One pound of boiled fish serves 2 to 3 persons, or makes about 2 cups of flaked fish.

*Note:* The water in which the fish is boiled (stock) may be used for fish soups or sauces.

#### *Pan-fried Fish*

1. Select firm-fleshed fish. Use steaks, fillets, or whole small fish. Leave heads and tails on small fish, if desired.
2. Roll in salted flour, cornmeal, or crumbs.
3. Fry in hot frying pan containing  $\frac{1}{8}$ -inch layer melted fat or oil, browning on one side, then turning and browning on the other side. Allow 8 to 12 minutes cooking time, depending on thickness of fish.
4. Serve on hot platter with tomato and cucumber slices, if desired. One pound of fish serves 2 to 3 persons.

#### *Fish Pudding*

2 pounds haddock fillets      Dash of nutmeg  
2 tablespoons flour      2 eggs  
2 teaspoons salt       $\frac{1}{3}$  cup soft butter  
 $\frac{1}{8}$  teaspoon pepper       $\frac{1}{2}$  cup cream or top milk

Put fish through grinder several times, using finest knife; add flour and seasonings. Add eggs, one at a time, beating thoroughly. Then add soft butter. Add cream gradually, beating

until fluffy and light. Turn into a greased pan, set in a larger pan of hot water, and bake in a moderate oven (350° F.) about 1 hour, or until firm. Serve with a cream sauce containing cooked green peas or shrimps. Serves 6 to 8 persons.

#### *Hotch Potch* (a thick fish soup)

1 large carrot, diced      Dash of pepper  
1 turnip, diced       $\frac{1}{2}$  cup bacon fat, or shortening  
2 large onions, sliced      1 cup strained tomatoes  
1 cup diced celery      2 quarts fish stock  
3 large potatoes, sliced      2 cups flaked cooked fish  
1 teaspoon salt      1 teaspoon curry powder  
2 tablespoons flour

Put vegetables in a kettle; add salt, pepper, bacon fat, and tomatoes. Cover and simmer 30 to 45 minutes, or until vegetables are tender. Add fish stock and fish. Combine curry powder and flour, and mix to a thin paste with a little cold water. Add slowly to soup and cook until thickened. Serves 6 to 8 persons.

#### *Oysters Benedict*

6 thin slices boiled ham      6 slices buttered toast  
1 tablespoon butter      2 cups cheese sauce  
2 dozen oysters, drained      Paprika

Sauté ham in butter until slightly browned. Remove from pan, add oysters to hot fat and cook 5 minutes, or until plump and edges begin to curl. Arrange slice of ham and 3 or 4 oysters on each piece of toast. Cover with cheese sauce and sprinkle with paprika. Serves 6 persons.

*For Cheese Sauce:* Melt 1 tablespoon butter, add 1 tablespoon flour, and stir until smooth. Add  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup milk and  $\frac{1}{4}$  pound American cheese, grated. Cook until smooth and thickened, stirring constantly.

#### *Oyster Roast*

2 cups fine dry crumbs       $\frac{1}{2}$  cup melted butter  
Salt to taste      2 eggs, slightly beaten  
Dash of pepper      2 tablespoons water  
2 dozen large oysters, drained      2 tablespoons butter

Combine crumbs, salt, pepper, and butter. Mix eggs and water. Roll oysters in crumbs, dip in egg mixture, then roll again in crumbs. Arrange in greased, large shallow baking pan—one layer deep—and bake in a hot oven (425° F.) 15 to 20 minutes, or until oysters are puffed and browned. Serves 4 persons.

#### *Tuna Fish and Spaghetti*

$\frac{1}{2}$  package spaghetti      Cheese sauce  
1 large can tuna fish      Buttered bread crumbs

Cook spaghetti according to package directions; drain. Arrange layer of spaghetti in bottom of greased casserole, cover with layer of cheese sauce. (For cheese sauce, double the amount given in the recipe for *Oysters Benedict*.) Break tuna fish into large flakes with a fork; arrange layer of fish on spaghetti. Continue with additional layers of spaghetti, sauce, and fish until all are used. Top with buttered crumbs. Bake in moderate oven (375° F.) about 30 minutes, or until crumbs are well browned. Serves 4 to 6 persons.

#### *Baked Oysters*

1 pint oysters      1 tablespoon lemon juice  
Salt      1 cup buttered bread crumbs  
Pepper      3 strips bacon, cut in pieces

Arrange layer of oysters in shallow, buttered baking dish. Sprinkle with salt, pepper, and lemon juice. Cover with crumbs. Arrange bacon on top. Bake in hot oven (450° F.) 12 to 15 minutes, or until crumbs are browned and bacon is crisp. Serve at once. Serves 4 to 6 persons. If desired, oysters may be baked in greased individual ramekins.



THE COUNTESS, WITH HER NOSE IN THE AIR, POSED HER CHIC ELEGANCE FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE ONLOOKERS



The Story So Far

This is the tale of a troupe of wandering actors, the Dramatic Company of the Rockies, in Colorado in 1865. The troupe are all one family—"Miss Nell," the eighteen-year-old star, wife of McKean More, the leading man, and their baby, "The Codger"; Dora, sixteen, the practical member of the family; Mitie, fourteen, and Hittabelle, twelve, half-sisters of Nell and Dora; "Mother," an actress once known throughout the West as "lovely Mary Mallory"; and her father, Patrick Mallory, affectionately called "Grand Patrick." Later they are joined by a seventeen-year-old boy, Phineas, protégé of an old prospector, Sam, and his tame blackbirds.

When the story opens, the Dramatic Company have fallen on hard times. Their rival, the Countess de Braganza, with a larger company and more and finer scenery and costumes, is trying to outdo them in their own territory. The Countess, with her six-horse equipage, enjoys passing the Dramatic Company on the road, as they plod along in their painted wagon drawn by a span of mules. Then the Countess, arriving first at their mutual destination, secures the only theater.

A letter comes to McKean from his friend, Edwin Booth, telling of a new type of play—melodrama—which is sweeping the East. This will please the miners better than Shakespeare, they think—and McKean writes such a play, with parts for everybody, including Phineas and the blackbirds. They are all hopeful again—until Dora's guardian, Aunt Hitty, a grim old woman who disapproves of the stage, appears to take Dora back to live in Ohio. To satisfy Aunt Hitty and keep Dora with them, the troupe decide to give up acting and buy a chicken farm; but when Dora finds the ideal farm—for sale—she is devastated to discover that the improvident Mallorys have grubstaked the old prospector, Sam, with all their available cash. Aunt Hitty, who is sharing their quarters in an abandoned sawmill, surprises everybody by doctoring Dora's sore foot, and cooking an excellent dinner.

# SING *for* your SUPPER

*Aunt Hitty undergoes a change of heart to the extent of two weeks' grace for Dora, but the Countess of Brag manages to steal a march on the Mallorys*

By LENORA  
MATTINGLY  
WEBER

PART SIX

DORA stood there breathlessly, waiting for Aunt Hitty to answer her question. Somewhere a donkey brayed. The Codger stirred in his sleep. Dora could hear and recognize the rise and fall of a booming voice down in the heart of town. She couldn't hear the words, but she knew what they were—"Don't cheat yourselves, folks! I wouldn't have you come out at the little end of the horn." She knew exactly how Grand Patrick would be twirling the bottles of hair tonic, swiftly and deftly, between his fingers.

Instead of answering, Aunt Hitty countered sharply, "Why haven't you got your chicken farm before now, if you were so set on getting one?"

Dora answered earnestly, "We almost did. But the money we should have paid down, Mother and Grand Patrick used to grubstake an old prospector."

"Why haven't you got it before a few days ago—this chicken farm?"

"Mostly because of the Countess," Dora sighed, and launched into an account of the Countess de Braganza and her underhanded, unscrupulous ways of getting the best of the Dramatic Company of the Rockies. "But one night we out-Countessed her," Dora said, "and that's the night we got the idea of giving the folks out here plays to make them laugh." She told about McKean's play and how, even now, they were on their way to Denver City to put it on; how the money they made was to be used for a chicken farm. She put all her anxiety into her voice—like a culprit pleading before a grim judge for liberty. "So you wouldn't object to that, would you, Aunt Hitty? You would let me stay on with all of them then, wouldn't you?"

Still Aunt Hitty didn't answer, but said slowly, "I've been lonely. I raised younger brothers and sisters in that big brick house. They moved away and had their own families. Then I raised my nephew, Bellamy—and he went off, too."

Before Dora could give more than a fleeting thought to a lonely old woman in a gloomy brick house, Aunt Hitty de-

manded with her usual curttness, "How long will it be before you folks will be settled on your chicken farm?"

Dora said thoughtfully, "We'll work the play up in a week. Then a week's playing should give us enough money to make the first payment—it's bound to play to full houses."

"Very well," Aunt Hitty said grimly, "I'll allow you two weeks; and then if you're no nearer the chicken farm, I'll take you back. I don't set much faith by all this *talk* of what folks are *aiming* to do. And, mind you, I won't go back to Ohio till I see you settled down on it. It's your own good I'm thinking of. I wouldn't have an easy minute if I knew you were gallivanting over these mountains and wearing wigs and redding your cheeks, play-acting parts about queens murdering their husbands. It's a scandalous life for a young lady."

It was all Dora could do to remember that she was a "young lady." She could hear her folks returning. Grand Patrick was singing loudly,

"They're hangin' men and women there  
"For wearin' of the green!"

Dora hurried to meet them, hobbling with one shoe off and one on, to tell them the news. "Aunt Hitty will let me stay. She's going to give us two weeks to put on McKean's *Chimney Sweep* play and get the farm."

Hittabelle, who was carrying the small pup, said complacently, "Didn't I tell you all along it was a straight-up horseshoe on his forehead?"

Dora looked at Phineas—his hair ruffled in the night wind, his blackbirds, as they usually were, one close by his shoulder and the other scolding jealously behind him. Sometimes he looked tall and grown-up to Dora. He did to-night. Her heart was so full of happy relief that she had a sudden longing for Phineas's friendly rejoicing with her. But he seemed aloof and preoccupied with his own thoughts.

The others rejoiced with her. Dora could hardly "*sb-b*" them to soberness because of the sleeping Codger, as they trooped inside.

Supper was the usual festive meal, in spite of Aunt Hitty and her grumbling about their being such late "sitters-up." Their praise of the stew and dumplings, however, brought a flush to her stern face. She made them a new drink called "cocoa" to take the place of their coffee. It was something like chocolate, only easier to make, for it came in new powdered form. Aunt Hitty had brought some of it out in her telescope bag. "It's better for growing children than coffee," she insisted.

Aunt Hitty evidently expected the young folks of the troupe to be "growing children" in matters of diet, but "young ladies" in matters of decorum. But the troupe was too happy to argue. Their one idea was to please her.

Phineas told of a woman who stopped him and admired his blackbirds and wanted to buy

them. He told her they were not for sale, but she had been insistent. She was a beautiful woman, and she wanted to train them to perch on her shoulder when she walked down the street—just as Lola Montez used to walk through the streets of San Francisco with a snowy white cockatoo on her shoulder.

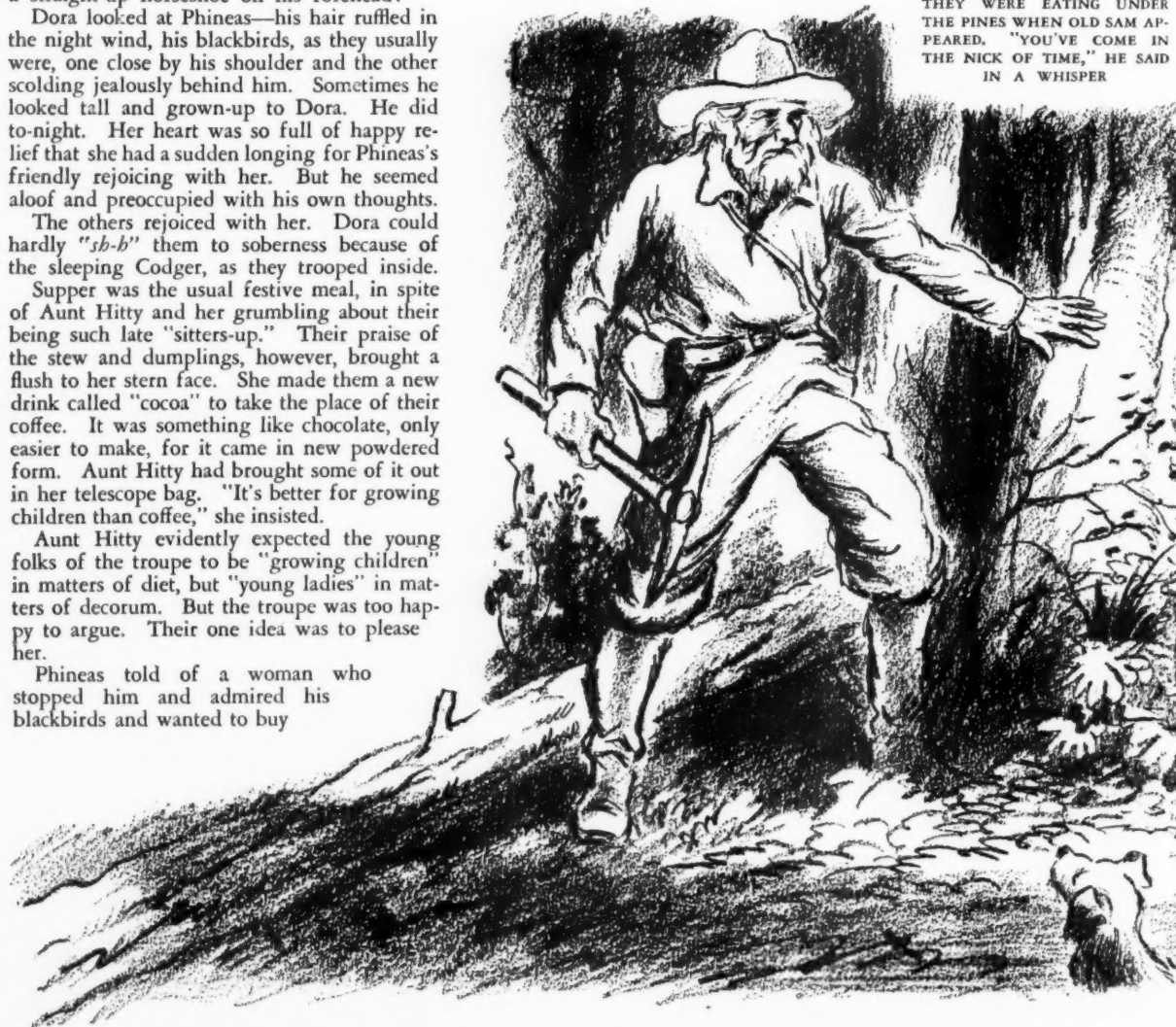
Phineas didn't look at Dora as he told it. She wondered if he wanted her to know that the birds had value in another's eyes. She had never made any fuss other than, unusual as they were.

"She wouldn't take no for an answer," he went on, "until I told her that I couldn't sell them, because I was training them to take a very important part in a play that our troupe was going to put on in Denver. But I promised I'd train a pair for her."

Mother said generously, "You're wonderful with animals, Phineas, either at curing them, or training them."

Dora had a feeling that Phineas had waited for her to say something. But it was impossible—there had been so much of misunderstanding between them. She envied the rest of the troupe their casual friendliness with Phineas. Even now, under her glad relief at Aunt Hitty's relenting, she knew a small ache because Phineas regarded her—and with good reason!—as a sharp-tongued shrew. No doubt he was wishing Aunt Hitty would succeed in taking her back to Ohio.

THEY WERE EATING UNDER  
THE PINES WHEN OLD SAM AP-  
PEARED. "YOU'VE COME IN  
THE NICK OF TIME," HE SAID  
IN A WHISPER



The next morning they prepared for the trip to Denver City. Again Dora was trying to decide between Hamlet's boots and comfort for her feet, or Miss Nell's and sharp discomfort, when Aunt Hitty, who had been delving into her enormous telescope bag, thrust a pair of shoes into her lap. "Here," she said curtly, "I guess you might as well wear these now. I brought them out for you to wear back on the stagecoach. I told the cobbler back in Lytton Oaks not to stint on the leather, so I calculate they ought to fit you."

The mules stood half hitched, the wagon half loaded, while the troupe admired and exclaimed over the new kid shoes with their fancy stitching. They were different from any shoes they had seen before. Instead of being just alike, so that either shoe could be worn on either foot, one was shaped to fit the left foot, one the right.

"It's just a passing whim of fashion," Aunt Hitty told them, "and a foolish one that can't last, because shoes wear better for changing them about on the feet."

It was almost noontime when they reached Sinner's Crossing. They decided to stop at old Sam's shack and lunch there and invite him to join them. Old Sam, in his absorption in mining, was apt to go days without eating anything except bread and coffee. But though they looked all about and called lustily, they could see nothing of Sam.

It was pleasanter out under the pine trees than in the poor

little shack. Dora built a fire of pine bark and cones, and made tea to go with their biscuits and meat. They were eating when the old miner came, slipping stealthily from behind one tree to another. Then he recognized them.

"You've come just in the nick of time," he said in a whisper. "I've news for you." He looked craftily around. "I dassent tell you out here. There's apt to be thievin' skunks watchin' and listenin'."

He took them into the house, closed the door, even the dingy window, and then said softly, "I've got some blossom rock that shows beautiful color. I've got two rawhide sacks almost full—I got them hid up in the mountains. But I dassent take them in to Denver City myself."

Phineas looked wretchedly uncomfortable. He explained to Aunt Hitty in a low voice, "He's gone a little dickey about being robbed, because he's been robbed before. And he's a little dickey, too, in imagining that all his findings are valuable—and sometimes they're not worth toting down the mountain." He looked defensively at Dora to see if she would say anything against the old man. But Dora had no comment at all to make. (Continued on page 30)

Illustrated by  
EDWARD CASWELL





# *There's knowledge and fun in the ten program fields in GIRL SCOUTS*



LEFT: ARCHERY, IN THE FIELD OF "SPORTS AND GAMES," HELPS THIS GIRL SCOUT TO REPLACE COÖRDINATION OF EYES AND MUSCLES



CENTER: THE FIELD OF "LITERATURE AND DRAMATICS" STIMULATES THESE CAMPER'S TO DRAMATIZE AN OLD SCOTCH BALLAD FOR AN APPRECIATIVE AUDIENCE



RIGHT: "INTERNATIONAL FRIENDSHIP" IS A FIELD WHICH ENABLES AMERICAN GIRLS TO EXTEND FRIENDLY HANDS TO THEIR SISTER SCOUTS AND GUIDES IN OTHER LANDS



LEFT: GIRL SCOUTS COÖPERATE WITH LOCAL AUTHORITIES IN A SAFETY CAMPAIGN AS A BADGE ACTIVITY IN THE FIELD OF "HEALTH AND SAFETY"



AN AMERICAN AND A CHINESE GIRL SCOUT EXAMINE A WHITE PINE, FINDING A COMMON INTEREST IN THE FIELD OF "NATURE SCOUTS"

# in ch of the SCOUTING



LEFT: TAKING PART IN "COMMUNITY LIFE" IS A WAY GIRL SCOUTS MAY SERVE THEIR COUNTRY. HERE THEY SHARE THE WORK OF ROLLING RED CROSS BANDAGES

RIGHT: "ARTS AND CRAFTS" IS A FIELD THAT OFFERS MANY OUTLETS FOR CREATIVE ABILITY. THIS SENIOR SCOUT ENJOYS MODELING A FIGURE IN CLAY



LEFT: "LET'S SING TOGETHER" IS THE PASSWORD OF MANY GROUPS OF SCOUTS WHO FIND A SPUR TO THEIR TALENTS IN THE FIELD OF "MUSIC AND DANCING"



RIGHT: "HOMEMAKING" IS A FIELD THAT APPEALS TO ALL GIRL SCOUTS WHO WISH TO PREPARE NOW FOR FUTURE HOMES OF THEIR OWN



Photograph at left by Milwaukee Journal

Photograph by Eric Osborn

A WHITE THE FIELD OF "THE OUT-OF-DOORS" HAS APPEAL FOR MANY GIRL  
NATURE SCOUTS, ESPECIALLY WHEN "TENTING ON THE OLD CAMP GROUND"



*The Girl Scout is prepared to  
serve her home, her community,  
and her country*



## *A Call to Service*

The world to-day needs girls like you.

It needs your sympathy for those who are suffering, and your quickness to give some of your time and your spending money to help them.

It needs your habit of asking "What are the facts?" and your persistence in inquiring and reading until you find the true answers.

It needs your common sense and your ability to get along reasonably with people who differ with you.

It needs your love of the democratic way of life and your determination to preserve it. You are aware of the value of coöperation. You have seen it working—in your home, in your school, in your town, and in your country.

It needs your habit of pulling your own weight. You know that being a citizen means taking an active part in the life of your town, helping to safeguard and extend to everyone the privileges you enjoy.

Most of all—it needs your faith that things can be better, and your courage to go to work now!

### *This is what you can do to-day:*

Talk to your leader, if you are a Girl Scout, about opportunities for service. If you are not, ask the nearest Girl Scout office for information about the

GIRL SCOUT SERVICE BUREAU. These Bureaus are being set up all over the country to help Girl Scouts, and girls who want to become Girl Scouts, find ways to serve.

The Bureaus are planning to keep in touch with churches, hospitals, nurseries, schools, the Red Cross, and other groups that may need your help.

The Bureaus will help you to look around your town with wide-open eyes, to see things that need to be improved and things that need to be done. They will help you to look for causes of discontent, so that you and others can try to remove the causes, instead of criticizing those who are discontented.

Besides this, explore your community to find out how many different sorts of people have helped to build it. And do your part in helping the foreign-born and first-generation Americans feel that they, too, are an important part of our America.

At a time when all the world is looking to its young people for strength, we look especially to the Girl Scouts of the United States. If you are a Girl Scout, your training has prepared you to work with your friends in your own democratic groups. You have pledged yourself to do your duty to God and country, to help other people at all times. We believe that you, and thousands of other girls who have yet to become Girl Scouts, will give that pledge new life and new meaning in the months to come.

All success to you!

*Richard E. Mudd*

PRESIDENT,  
GIRL SCOUTS, INC.

# SING FOR YOUR SUPPER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

Old Sam went on, "I dasset let them know I'm getting pay ore. If those skunks'd come out and fight in the open—but no, they lay awake at night figuring up ways to outsmart me."

Mother said gently, for he looked so stooped with work, so anxious, "All right, Sam, we'll take your rocks in to Denver City, and we'll leave them at the assayer's and tell him they're yours. Then you can go in, and he'll pay you whatever your two bags of rocks—I mean gold—are worth."

"No, no," he said positively, "we dasset do it that way. Not in broad daylight. Do you want them to know you've got it? They'd only rob you, and maybe choke the livin' daylights out of all of you."

"Now, Sam," Phineas remonstrated, "there's no one watching you. That stuff isn't valuable enough for anyone to steal it. There's plenty of it being shoveled out of the mountains every day."

The old man said piteously, "They got heavy streaks in them—these blossom rocks. I've dug them out—quiet as a gopher—so they couldn't get their thieving hands on them."

Phineas would have remonstrated further, but Mother laid a silencing hand on his arm. "What is it you want us to do, Sam?"

"I want you to put up for the night, and when it's dark I'll tote down my sacks of blossom rock."

Grand Patrick said, "We can't do that, Sam. We've an extra passenger, and we can't ask her to sleep in discomfort."

"I can stand a little discomfort for the sake of getting his gold to safety," Aunt Hitty said promptly. Her eyes were alight. "I'd like to dig gold out of the mountains."

Dora said, "Look out, Aunt Hitty, that you don't catch the gold fever."

They stayed the night at old Sam's. Only a sliver of waning moon shone over the mountains and pine trees. And in the darkness, old Sam, working as silently and covertly as the Little Folk in Ireland whom Grand Patrick told about, brought his rocks down from his mine.

Even then Sam was not satisfied. He insisted that the Dramatic Company should take costumes and properties out of two of their trunks and put his ore into them. "Don't let's worry him," Mother said softly. "He's had so much disappointment. Even if they are just rocks, we'll take them down to the assayer for him."

"I suppose we'll have to walk most of the way," Hittybelle grumbled, "so the rocks can ride."

"But if that streak of brown is really gold, they'd be worth walking for," Aunt Hitty remarked.

They set out on the last lap the next morning. Fortunately for the Dramatic Company, there was more downgrade on the road leading to Denver City than upgrade. Again Grand Patrick grew tired of driving about mid-afternoon and Dora took the reins.

They were driving sedately along when the stagecoach came clattering behind them, and Ferzen bellowed out, "Pull that lopsided haycart over and give the stagecoach the road."

The mules quickened resentfully and Dora's hands fairly itched to slap the reins over them. But she didn't. She pulled them a little to one side so the stagecoach would have room to pass.

As Ferzen passed, he slowed his horses to

shout at them, "I'd drive careful, too, if I was taking my donkeys to the glue factory."

The troupe all had to bite their lips to keep silence. Only old Grand Patrick muttered under his breath, "That grinning badger—may he choke on his own fool grin some day!" And young Hittybelle shrilled out, "All the donkeys aren't in harness!"

Even Aunt Hitty's sympathies showed signs of switching for she said heatedly, "He's an opinionated buffoon—that driver."

Once they stopped to rest the mules, and Dora and Mitie climbed out and gathered some of the fragile and lovely columbine for Aunt Hitty. Grand Patrick said, "Sometime, when we settle down, I'm going to transplant a sizable clump of them to a flower bed. Many folks from the East have never seen them."

They reached Cherry Creek, and Denver City was in plain view. The sight of it never ceased to thrill the Dramatic Company. It was so naturally the queen city of the plains, with the picturesque Gothic tower of its first church rising above other blocks of brick buildings and painted cottages.

They stopped at the edge of town for refurbishing. Red rosettes on the mules. Grand Patrick and McKean put on their brocade vests and cut-glass pins. Dora helped pin Nell's curls in place and set her pork pie hat at just the right angle on top of them. The girls tied white fichus over their basque dresses. Dora pridefully dusted her new shoes. Denver City must see the Dramatic Company of the Rockies at its best. Even Aunt Hitty caught the contagion, and exchanged the black shawl she was wearing for a white llama one, and got out a lace-edged handkerchief.

"The roses always prance when they wear the red rosettes," Hittybelle explained to Aunt Hitty, as the wagon started on into the city at increased tempo.

"Where do you put up when you're in Denver City?" Aunt Hitty asked Dora.

"It depends on our finances," Dora smiled. "When we're flush, we stay at Sloan House. It's just a block from the theater. But I imagine this time we'll take some rooms with a friend of McKean's, a musician who runs a bakeshop."

THERE was brisk animation about life in Denver City in the middle sixties. Grand Patrick bowed grandly to friends of his who waved to him from the street. "We'll stop at the assayer's the very first thing," he said, "and leave off this precious load of rocks."

They stopped at the assayer's. It was almost closing time, but he took them in, labeled the sacks with Sam's name, and said he'd get around to testing them as soon as he could. They must understand he was a busy man. "I felt guilty even taking up his time," murmured Grand Patrick as he climbed back to the wagon seat, and took the reins.

"It doesn't seem right without Grand Patrick thumping his drum," Hittybelle said. "But we're not going to put on a show to-night. We'll wait and burst upon them in full glory as soon as we're ready with our *Chimney Sweep* play."

"And then, when our pockets are full, we'll retire in a blaze of glory," exulted Grand Patrick.

They had not intended going to the theater building, for it was late. The Codger was

tired, Mitie was getting that wan, pinched look, and Aunt Hitty, who had started out so pertly upright on the seat beside the driver, had begun to sag. "I'll dump off you women folks," Grand Patrick said, "and then we men will drift about town and arrange the business details."

But as they passed the corner by the theater, they heard the pound of hammers, the rasp of saws. They turned down the street, drew up in front of the theater. They wondered what was being done to it. The frame building with its front porch and second-story balcony seemed in no need of repairs.

A carriage was standing outside and, as they drew up and stopped, the Countess de Braganza came down the steps of the theater building, picked her dainty way across the boardwalk. Dora nudged Aunt Hitty, murmured, "That's the Countess I told you about."

Phineas stared unbelievably at Dora. "No, no, you don't mean that that woman with the black hair is the Countess de Braganza—our enemy?"

Grand Patrick answered for her. "None other," he said shortly.

The Countess stood for a minute, looking back at the theater thoughtfully. Or was she posing for the benefit of any onlookers, especially those in a dusty wagon? Everything about the Countess was undusty, untired, unmussed. She was chic elegance from the plumes which waved back from a Neapolitan straw hat to the toe of her small, shining shoe which peeked out from rustling skirts. Her dress of cuir-colored silk was heavily trimmed with passementerie and falls of lace and fringe. Under her arm she carried a tiny white fluff of dog no bigger than a muff, with a red ribbon around its neck.

Hittybelle said enviously, "We could put a ribbon on Good Luck—and we could carry him under our arms just like that, if he doesn't grow any bigger on us."

Miss Nell murmured, "I could have a waist that small if I pulled it in more. Couldn't I, Dora?"

All secure loveliness and disdain, the Countess stood there, with her driver waiting to help her into her carriage, with the sunset and the mountains as background. Then she stepped into the carriage, settled herself languidly with never a glance to right or left. The carriage rolled with swift ease down the street.

Mother said, "She must carry a flatiron with her to keep her skirts so smooth."

Grand Patrick climbed down out of the wagon and, as usual when he felt a bit outdone, his strut was the more noticeable. He addressed one of the workmen, who was wiping the dust off his saw, and Grand Patrick's uneasiness made his voice loud, and his Irish burr so thick that, as Mother once said, you could cut it with a shovel. "And what might you be doing to the face of this old box?"

The workman looked up with a broad grin. "Why, if it ain't Patrick Mallory himself!" He came over to the wagon, rested his foot on the wheel hub, and his tools on his overalled knee. "We're frizzing up the face of the old theater. And we're making the stage bigger and building a ramp up from it in back."

"How long will it be closed for these unnecessary?" McKean asked anxiously.

(Continued on page 33)



## GIRL SCOUTS PREPARED FOR SERVICE ..... AND READY IN UNIFORM

|  |        |   |        |
|--|--------|---|--------|
| 0-107 Intermediate Uniform.....              | \$3.50 | 0-144 Blocked Beret of deep green worsted.. | \$1.00 |
| 0-102 Senior Dress.....                      | 4.50   | 0-962 White pique collar.....               | .20    |
| 1-101 Brownie Uniform (dress and pantie).... | 2.25   | 8-516 Harlequin Belt of rayon webbing.....  | .50    |
| 0-121 Neckerchief of mercerized cotton.....  | .50    | 1-141 Brownie Pixie Cap.....                | .25    |
| 0-161 Official Belt of green webbing.....    | .50    | 1-142 Brownie Beret.....                    | .65    |

**GIRL SCOUTS, Inc., NATIONAL EQUIPMENT SERVICE**  
**FOURTEEN WEST FORTY-NINTH STREET, NEW YORK, NEW YORK**



# BE PREPARED FOR FUN HOLIDAYS AHEAD!

517—A pocketed "Sew-Simple" dress with an evening version and house-coat style included. Sizes 12 to 18 (30 to 36). Size 16 (34) requires, short length, 3 yds. of 54 inch material; long length, 5¾ yds. of 35 inch material.



Blouse 530  
Pinafore 528

528—Back-buttoned pinafore-jumper. Sizes 12 to 20 (30 to 38). Yardage on pattern envelope.

530—A trim little blouse with four versions. Sizes 12 to 20 (30 to 42). Yardage on envelope.



518



517

518—A perfect "date" dress is this with Princess lines and a frilled neck-line and sleeves. It may be belted, if you like. Sizes are 12 to 18 (30 to 36). Size 16 (34) requires 3¾ yds. 39 inch material and trim.

509—A classic skirt for school. It's "Sew-Simple" with an inverted pleat in the front and back. There is also a suspender top. Waist sizes are 24 to 32. In size 28 waist, you need 17/8 yds. of 54 inch material.

509



Fifteen cents each.

These Hollywood Patterns, especially selected for readers of this magazine, can be purchased through THE AMERICAN GIRL, 14 West 49th Street, New York, N. Y. Be sure to state size when ordering.

# SING FOR YOUR SUPPER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30

"Ten days only. Yes, I heard her say she'd get out the handbills, announcing her opening, the first of July."

"Who do you mean *her*?" Grand Patrick rasped.

"The Countess de Brag—Braggen—" the workman fumbled with the word.

"Just call her the Countess of Brag," Grand Patrick said swiftly, "and you're nearer being right than if you tried to wrap your tongue around all that Spanish fandango name of hers." He asked bewilderedly, "But how did she get here so quick? Sure, we saw her in Donkeyback just last night."

"Night before last," corrected Hittabelle. "Don't you remember we stayed last night at old Sam's?"

"She came in yesterday by some special conveyance, for it wasn't Ferzen's day to come down the mountains, you recall. And no sooner was she here than she started having the theater remodeled for her."

"While we dawdled along the way with those misbegotten sacks of ore," groaned Grand Patrick. "Oh, Mary, Mary, the trouble you cause us—you and your heart of mush! And the Countess came hurrying right down so as to get here ahead of us. She didn't even wait to come with her troupe."

Dora said, "She must have known that we planned to get the Denver Theater for our play. But how could she know?"

"She must have found out," Grand Patrick said. "That night in Donkeyback when the crowds were all mingled on the sidewalks—somehow our own loose tongues must have betrayed us, though how, I don't know. And she put her sharp wits together."

Yes, Dora thought bitterly, that was it. She could imagine just how it had happened. Night before last, when the crowd had been carefree and gala on the streets of Donkeyback, some one of them must have bragged about going on to Denver City and putting on their wonderful play. And somehow it had reached the ears of the Countess, and so she had hired a vehicle to bring her down. She hadn't waited for the stagecoach to-day. She had left her troupe to the worries and discomfort of getting over the mountains with all the luggage of the show.

Again Dora's disappointment made her flare out angrily. "Why couldn't you have been more careful? We do such senseless things! The Countess must have fun, laughing up her sleeve at us."

Phineas looked at Dora, and she was surprised by the grim anger in his eyes. "I mean it," she defended herself. "We can blame ourselves for this mishap."

"It'd do my heart good to see a certain party get her come-uppance," he muttered vengefully, "and if I can help bring it about, I'll certainly go out of my way to do it."

"What show is the Countess going to put on?" Mother asked.

"It's called *Mazepa*," the workman answered. "She says it's a new play, and it has to have a ramp built up from the stage so she can ride a white horse up what are supposed to be crags."

"New!" snorted McKean. "That play was worn threadbare by no other than Adah Menken, in California seven years ago."

The workman stood there, slanted along

his brightly shining saw, and then lovingly blew a fleck of dust off it. He said, "Now that's a shame—that you folks got left by this woman with her rustling silks and her perfumes. Her and her velvets and her white horses! But me, I'd walk ten miles to have a good laugh like you always gave us in the *Used-up Miner*, Patrick Mallory, when the poor devil is so hungry he tries to fry his boots. It's not that I mind shedding a tear or two to wash the dust out of my eyes, but a good laugh—say, now—"

"We've got the laughs and the tears all tangled up together in this play of ours," Grand Patrick told him, "but, man alive, we can't give it on a soap box."

Aunt Hittie put in curtly, "Surely there's some building you could engage for your performance."

"There's only one other theater building," Mother explained, "and that is used all summer long by a musical society, so we've no chance of getting it."

Dora said, "The only big building left is the circus building."

"The circus is out of town," the workman said, "and you know well that your old friend who owns the circus barn would gladly let you have the use of it till the circus returns. Though it's a poor excuse of a theater building."

"It's a cross between a cow barn and a menagerie tent," Grand Patrick said, "but we'll go take a look at it."

He took the reins, drove on to the north edge of town to what was called the White Amusement Park. There was nothing white about it, for the barnlike building and the living quarters had weathered to a dingy gray. And it was stretching a point considerably to call the handful of half-grown cottonwoods a park. Yet it was a pretty site, and had a restful and quiet serenity.

"I always liked this place," Mother said. "It could be made something of."

"Aye, that it could," conceded Grand Patrick.

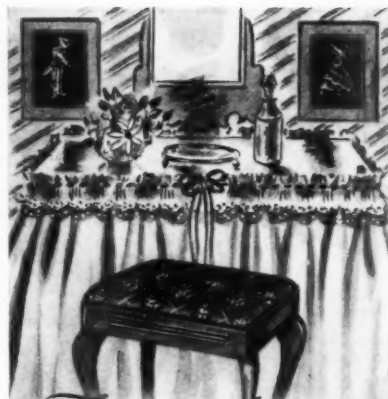
They pulled the mules this way and that, to get the wagon close to the door of a cottage which was used, when the circus was in town, as living quarters for the attendants. They didn't unhitch the mules, but walked over on heavy feet to survey the possibilities of the circus barn. On the door was a printed notice: "*Circus returns the third of July. Big parade the morning of the Fourth.*"

Phineas tampered with the loose padlock and opened the wide doors. Each one felt about in his mind for something not too discouraging to say. But what could anyone say? The big building was plainly designed and built for circus performances, not for dramatics. The arena was in the center with the rough seats shaped around it.

Grand Patrick said, looking up at the ceiling, "You could toss a cat through the holes in the roof—and not so much as rough up his whiskers."

"I'll do the shifting of the seats about," Phineas said earnestly. "I'll build the stage at one end. In between times I'll train my birds—I'm sure they won't fail me. I'll get up before daylight and work till after dark. Because it's my fault that you missed getting the Denver Theater."

"Now—now," Mother said kindly, "it wasn't your fault that we stopped overnight at old Sam's. Let me take the blame for that." (Continued on page 36)



*Fun to do...  
Forever to own.*

*Hiawatha\**  
**HEIRLOOM\***  
**NEEDLEPOINT**

The easiest of all handicrafts makes your decorations of today, your heirlooms of tomorrow. Needlepoint stools, pictures, doorstops, chair seats, are creations you'll take pleasure in making—and lasting pride in owning—if you use Hiawatha\* Heirloom\* Needlepoint and Hiawatha\* Real Needlepoint Wool.

Try a Hiawatha\* Heirloom Needlepoint (with finished motif) Heirloom Girl or Heirloom Boy Picture Outfit. It contains needlepoint, wool, wood frame, needle, easy-to-follow instructions, complete for \$1 each. At better stores, or write us direct.



Your favorite store can supply you with

**HIAWATHA\* HEIRLOOM  
NEEDLEPOINT and WOOL**

\* Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Send coupon for the New Romance of Needlepoint, free working sample and name of nearest dealer. Enclose 5¢ in stamps to cover cost of mailing.

**HEIRLOOM NEEDLEWORK GUILD, INC.**  
11 East 26th Street, New York, N. Y. AG10  
☐ Enclosed please find 5¢ in stamps for New Romance of Needlepoint, working sample and name of my nearest dealer.  
☐ Enclosed please find \$1.00 for Needlepoint Picture Outfit. Please send ☐ Heirloom Girl ☐ Heirloom Boy. (Check which.)

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_



## IN STEP WITH THE TIMES

By Latrobe Carroll

### "OUR LADY OF THE SNOWS"

American eyes, so long fixed on Europe, have of late been looking north as well as east. A dramatic development turned them northward—the move to link Canada and the United States in an informal defense agreement. Mr. Mackenzie King (sketched in this column) Prime Minister of the Dominion, and President Roosevelt were leaders in this clasping of hands across the border.

This new drawing-together is, at this writing, making certain Canadians emphasize a conviction they hold. They point out that, though vast numbers of their countrymen know a great deal about the United States, comparatively few Americans bother to learn much about their neighbors on the north. Mr.



John MacCormac, a Canadian newspaper man, voices their views in his recent book, *Canada: America's Problem*. In it, he says waggishly, "Americans have taken Canada for granted as a country half British, half American, lighted by the aurora borealis and the midnight sun, populated chiefly by Indians, the Northwest Mounted, and the Dionne quintuplets."

Spokesmen for the Dominion fondle certain facts lovingly when they urge us to inform ourselves about their lands. Here are some of these facts:

Canada is bigger in area than the United States, including Alaska; in fact, she's the world's third largest country. Though she has had a stringently selective immigration policy, she has grown with the speed of a well-nourished baby whale. In 1871, she had a population of about three and a half millions. Now more than ten and a half million people live inside her borders.

The great St. Lawrence River, navigable to ocean-going vessels for six hundred miles, drains an area containing about half the world's fresh water.

Our Lady of the Snows, as Canadians sometimes call their country, leads all other lands in the production of asbestos; her nickel deposits are the largest on earth. Her mineral wealth, as yet only partly touched, includes gold, coal, copper, lead, silver, platinum. Her radium mine on Great Bear Lake has yielded enough of the rare, demonic metal to lower

the price of radium from seventy thousand dollars a gram to twenty-five thousand.

With her vast stretches of virgin timber, her towering mountains, innumerable lakes, mighty rivers, richly fertile prairies, untapped minerals, Canada is a country of to-day and of to-morrow. Also—she is a country at war and subject, therefore, to possible attack. If she is invaded, just what are we going to do? Americans must put some hard thought on that problem.

### DRESS DILEMMA

The capture of Paris by the Nazis had a profound effect on American fashion experts. While sharing the sadness that all of us felt, they asked questions bound up with their own work—"Who'll be our fashion leaders, now?" "Can Fifth Avenue take the place of the Rue de la Paix?" They remembered models exhibited at the glittering, breathless openings of Paris fashion shows—openings thronged by buyers and stylists from all over the world. Could New York create comparable styles?

The great French designers such as Schiaparelli, Mainbocher, Molyneux, Lelong, Patou, Vionnet, were artists creating for a class, for a luxury market. American experts, on the other hand, have given most of their attention to fashions suited to mass production methods. A few fashion authorities in this country call attention to this difference—and are frankly pessimistic. They're inclined to believe that styles evolved here lack artistry, imagination, originality.

Most experts, though, take a contrary view. They point out that an opinion widely held by American women had no basis in fact—the idea that almost all American styles originat-



ed in Paris. The truth is, they tell us, that a large percentage of all our designs were born on this side of the Atlantic.

As for American designers themselves, they have no time for lamentations. They're too busy working out their own ideas.

American dress of the future, they say, will be young and vigorous and streamlined. It will compare favorably in elegance, freshness, daring, to the best the Old World gave us.

Clothes-conscious girls and women are hoping they are right.

### WE COULD ROLL OUR OWN

The United States uses more than half of all the rubber the world produces. Our manufacturers make some thirty thousand articles out of the bouncy stuff. Almost seventy per cent of all motor cars go their rubbery way along our roads. But there's one trouble with this opulent, easy picture—a big trouble. About ninety per cent of all the rubber we use comes from Jands nine thousand miles from our shores—most of it from British-controlled Malaya and the Dutch East Indies. As we prepare vigorously for self-defense, army men point out that rubber is as essential in war as in peace—modern armies ride on it. With Japan looming in the Far East, this question arises: Would we be in a bad way if enemies should manage to cut our rubber life line?

The answer, experts tell us, is to be found



in synthetic rubber, laboratory substitutes for the real thing. The search for these began eighty years ago. In 1910, chemists started to make progress. In the research race, German chemists did best; to-day, about two thirds of all rubber used in Germany is synthetic. But American industrial laboratories have been catching up. Three of our big corporations now say that, in a crisis, they could turn out all the man-made rubber the country would need, given time to put up factories. These companies are B. F. Goodrich, du Pont, and Standard Oil of New Jersey. All three have been producing test-tube rubber in comparatively small amounts—products that cost more than tree-rubber but are superior to it in certain ways. Their synthetics are made out of petroleum, coal, limestone, salt.

Authorities say, if all rubber imports were cut off, the United States could get along better than most people realize. In stock piles of the crude stuff, and in finished goods, we have enough to last almost a year under peace-time conditions. With war-time husbanding, this supply might serve for about two years. And two years is approximately the time our companies would need to build factories and start mass production. Seemingly our rubber worry isn't such a big worry, after all.



## PLANT WIZARDS AT WORK

Do you know a marigold when you see one? Don't be too sure. There's a catch in that question. Scientists, as always, are busy with white magic, and they are giving ordinary marigold plants colchicine injections.

Colchicine, a white powder, is a gift to plant life from a rather humble flower, the autumn-growing crocus, or (as it is often called) the meadow saffron. Its scientific name is colchicum. Hence the name of the powder made from its bulb.

Surprising results follow the injections—blossoms of a deep orange measuring just short of half a foot across! These marigolds are not for sale, nor are their seeds procurable. Not yet. To-day they're being grown only in Beltsville, Maryland—in the experimental greenhouses of the United States Department of Horticulture.

Huge marigolds, and giant flowers generally, are not the only marvels to be seen in Beltsville. Others are not only to be seen but tasted—strawberries so large and delicious that when they are eventually on the market, families serving them for breakfast will need no alarm clocks. These, as well as great blackberries to get our teeth into, and radishes as large as turnips, are among the many blessings promised.

At present, though, such chemical magic is nothing for amateurs to play with. We'll have to wait till it becomes routine.

## DOCTORS FOR THE FOUR-FOOTED

The United States is the safest of all countries for domestic animals. This is mainly due to the work of Dr. John R. Mohler and his four thousand assistants. Dr. Mohler is head of the Department of Agriculture's Bureau of Animal Industry. When he took on his job, in 1917, he realized it would be a big one. In that year, about one twentieth of all the cattle in our States had bovine tuberculosis. People drinking the milk of infected cows were in danger of getting tuberculosis of the bones, joints, glands. Dr. Mohler began a long battle. In the course of it, he and his assistants tested almost all the cattle in America. About four million had to be destroyed. Result: only one tenth as many cattle have tuberculosis now as in 1917—and there's been almost as big a drop,



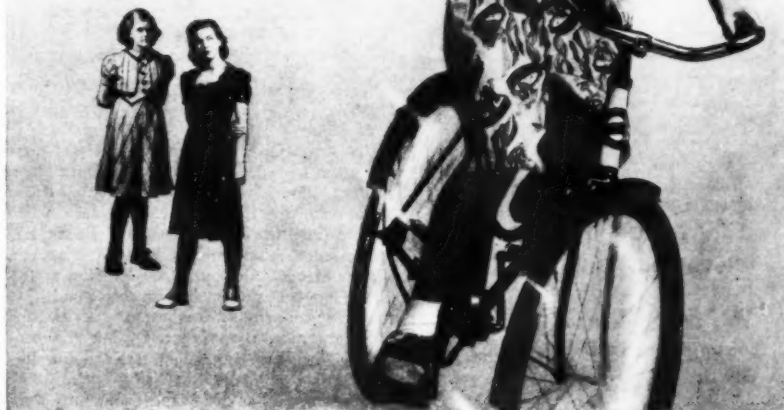
among human beings, in types of the disease due to drinking germ-carrying milk.

With pigs it's been much the same story. When people ate pork which hadn't been thoroughly cooked, some of them got trichinosis—its symptoms are like those of rheumatism. Dr. Mohler's Bureau went to work. Now this disease is rare both among pigs and people.

Dogs transmitting rabies, goats passing Malta fever along to man, sheep making an unwelcome gift of anthrax: these and other animals have come in for the Bureau's earnest attention. Though health battles have been won—in some cases animal ailments have been wiped out—the war still goes on.

# Ride in Style TO FUN and HEALTH

ON THE BEAUTIFUL  
NEW  
LIGHTWEIGHT  
COLUMBIA!



It's amazing how much more *fun* you can have with a Lightweight Columbia. It pedals easier—you spin along with less effort. It's beautiful, too—and stylish as your new sports outfit. It has that handsome, clean-cut look that will make your crowd sit up and take notice.

No wonder girls everywhere are crazy about this brand new Lightweight Columbia model. It gets you around faster and easier, and it makes a hit wherever you go!



Look for this seal on a Genuine Columbia

Take Mother or Dad to your Columbia dealer's today. Hop on a Lightweight . . . you'll find a new thrill in bicycling. It's the first choice among those who know good bicycles. Columbia has for more than sixty years been America's most popular bike. And this year's models are the most thrilling ever.

You can get our Booklet D, "How to Care for Your Bicycle", free of charge, if you write to THE WESTFIELD MANUFACTURING COMPANY, WESTFIELD, MASS.

... the best known name in bicycles.

# Columbia

AMERICA'S  
FIRST BICYCLE

FIRST IN 1877 • FIRST IN 1940

## Yes Mothers Here's one Cosmetic Daughter can use SAFELY!

If "teen age" must use cosmetics—(and she will)—be sure her choice won't injure her delicate young skin. Because AR-EX Cosmetics are free from all known irritants, they are SAFE for her—now and always. And Mothers, you'll like AR-EX too! Sold at leading drug counters.

AR-EX COSMETICS, INC.  
6 N. MICHIGAN AVE. • CHICAGO, ILL.

**AR-EX COSMETICS**  
RECOMMENDED BY LEADING DOCTORS

## GIRLS EARN EXTRA MONEY

Take early orders for Christmas Cards. Everyone uses. Easily sold. No experience necessary. Best box of 21 beautiful cards. Sample on approval. Also Etchings, Humorous, Religious, Gift Wrappings, 50 for \$1 with names. Others. Big profits. Bonus.

### FREEMAN ART GREETINGS

35 High Street New Haven, Conn.

**FREE CLUB PIN & RING CATALOG**  
PINS 30¢ up—RINGS \$1.50  
Quality made... silver, gold plated, etc. Our new book shows over 300 handsome, smart, up-to-the-minute designs by Bastian craftsmen... oldest, largest makers. Write for your Free copy today!  
BASTIAN BROS. Dept. 10, Rochester, N. Y.

**Free BOOK of ARTCRAFT**  
How to decorate burnt wood etchings, glorified glass, plaques, mirror pictures, copper and brass craft, etc. Write for catalog A10.  
THAYER & CHANDLER, 910 W. Van Buren St., Chicago

**TROOP 143 of  
Cleveland, Ohio, DID IT!**

**WHAT?** Earned eight free subscriptions to THE AMERICAN GIRL.

**HOW?** By taking advantage of our AMERICAN GIRL-QUAINT SHOP PLAN.

**YOU  
CAN,  
TOO**

Read the third cover of this issue of the magazine, and ask your leader to read it also. It will tell you how Girl Scout troops may earn money for various needs.

**YOU CAN MAKE UP TO \$200 IN CASH BEFORE XMAS**  
Use and sell new Pine Tree Christmas Cards. No experience needed. Full or spare time. Great new line and very low price. Exquisite Box Assortments, Personal Cards, Gift Wrappings, etc. Wonderful money making plan for churches, clubs also sent FREE. For samples, just write: Pine Tree Greetings, Dept. F-3 Harrisburg, Pa.

**YARN** Send for 600 FREE Samples  
Take advantage of our new lower prices on yarns—We sell at wholesale as well as retail.  
YARN NOVELTY CO., (42-BE) North 9th St., Phila., Pa.

## SING for your SUPPER

McKean was counting off on his fingers. "We've two weeks only before the circus returns and crowds us out. We'll want the play to run a week to give us a profit over expenses. That would leave us a week—"

"A week to get ready," Grand Patrick filled in morosely, "and we'd have to work miracles, no less, to get this barn to faintly resemble a theater, and to learn all the parts and rehearse the play."

Dora added, "And make costumes, and paint scenery, and get together the props." For there was Aunt Hitty, and she had been grim about allowing them this time to put on McKean's play to make the money to get the chicken ranch. There could be no side-stepping Aunt Hitty. Dora turned anxious eyes to Mother. "Do you suppose we can?"

Mother's eyes filled with tired, disappointed tears, but she only said, "To be sure we can. I can't quite see how, right this minute—but, Dora, darling, if we had a sip of hot tea we wouldn't feel so gone and drear."

Dora hurried to make the tea. And as the tea went down, Mother's spirits went up.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20

an independent idea," argued Jane, "the presentation of Red Rose Troop would lack continuity."

This impressive statement silenced the critic, and the group went on with its plans. Bobo, joining them, was assigned a minor position in the last episode. She had decided not to tell Miss Roberts that Mr. Bristle had promised to come and make a little speech. It would be a nice surprise—like the award.

"It's wonderful," she mused aloud, "to have an Anonymous Donor giving an award."

"Very nice," Jane agreed, "but the contest is the least part. We aren't doing this for a prize, or to beat anybody—we're doing it for fun, and to show the community various aspects of Girl Scouting."

Jane could talk like a book when she got going. Bobo grinned admiringly. "Still," she insisted, "it is exciting to have an award. Is it a camp scholarship?"

"It's a set of dishes for the Little House," Jane informed her. "And don't keep interrupting, or we'll never get this thing planned out."

It was very nicely planned out by the time of the demonstration itself. Admiring parents filled the gymnasium, anxious leaders appeared and disappeared back stage proffering safety pins and assembling properties, excited girls from the various troops in town huddled in their respective groups with last-minute whispered reminders. Of all the green-clad actors, only Bobo looked downcast and not too resigned. She was still disappointed. Over and over in her mind she had rehearsed the effective scene that could have been presented, if only Mr. Bristle had consented to do his part in an episode showing the Benefit of Girl Scouting to Grown-ups. That worthy gentleman had taken his place in the front row, whither he had been escorted by a pleased, surprised, and slightly fussed Miss Roberts. He sat twisting his white moustache and adjusting his handsome cravat. The expression on his plump, pink face indicated that he was ready for anything—or thought he was.

The curtains parted on the offering of the Senior troop. They had chosen to de-

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33

"The parts we can learn as we work. I believe the public square that we used in *Romeo and Juliet* will do, by painting in a rising sun. To be sure we can be ready in a week. And then, don't you see, we'll be getting a jump on the Countess, for her theater won't be ready for her and her white horse for ten days. We'll be playing before she is. And our show will be the talk of the town. We'll draw her crowds."

Mother's enthusiasm had contagion to it. Even Aunt Hitty caught it. "I can help you with the costumes. I'm right handy with a needle."

McKean drew out a sheet of paper, said, "We'll get the handbills out right away." His stub of a pencil began scribbling.

"It Will Make You Laugh,

"It Will Make You Cry!

"The Beautiful, Inimitable Miss Nell  
"And the Dramatic Company of the Rockies  
"Presenting for the first showing in the

"White Barn

"THE CHIMNEY SWEEP"

(To be continued)

## THE DUMB SHOW

pict a sort of history of Girl Scouting, all the way from its sources in self-reliant pioneer life. This scene was complete with spinning wheel and warming pan, and was most effective. Subsequent episodes carried on through khaki uniforms into green ones, and the whole affair was warmly applauded. Some of the other troops chose special activities, and demonstrated handicrafts, photography, folk dancing, and various other doings that lent themselves well to pantomime. The Mariners tied knots and spliced rope, and finished with a soundless hornpipe in which they had much ado to keep from bursting into audible "Yeo-ho's!"

Red Rose Troop came last, and, unnecessarily coached by Jane Burke till the ultimate moment, prepared to put on its exhibition. Signs bearing the name of each activity field, with its symbol, were silently displayed before every episode, and the various teams enthusiastically pantomimed the ten divisions of the new Girl Scout program. Each pair was roundly applauded. The "independent ideas" had come into their own in the individual acting of each scene, and the expressive miming and creation of atmosphere with practically no properties was really praiseworthy. The audience clapped till its hands tingled.

Then the Commissioner arose and held up a hand for silence. "I have just now found that we are to have an added pleasure," she said. "Our very good friend, Mr. Horatio Bristle, is here and is prepared to say a few words to us."

There were cheers, for Mr. Bristle's conversion and his handsome action in regard to giving his land for the day camp were well known to every Girl Scout present. Mr. Bristle clambered upon the stage and surveyed the audience, which suddenly seemed to him astonishingly large. He fished up his glasses on their black ribbon, clamped them on his nose, and felt in his pocket for his notes. Mr. Bristle was not often called upon to make a speech, and he was one of those who depend for confidence upon the written word. Therefore, when his hand failed to encounter in his pocket his neatly prepared

remarks, his usually ruddy countenance blanched slightly. He stood mutely searching every pocket, and then fumbling through them once again, while the audience wriggled and waited expectantly.

"Hrrrump!" said Mr. Bristle. "I—er—seem to have lost my notes. Well, ladies and gentlemen—that is, ladies and girls—that is, and a few gentlemen—that is to say—er—fellow Girl Scouts—"

Then, stricken speechless by that sea of faces all turned toward him, all expecting something wise and witty, Mr. Bristle stuck completely. He waved his hands feebly up and down, while his face grew an alarming shade of crimson.

Suddenly a smallish figure came hurtling from the wings—a Girl Scout, her newly pressed uniform half obscured beneath the layer of accouterments slung about her, mess kit, knapsack, rope, compass, hand ax, sheath knife. It was Bobo, white with compassion for her suffering friend. She seized his nerveless hand and drew him downward while she whispered something in his ear, hastily and urgently.

"Hey?" squeaked Mr. Bristle.

There was nothing in life that Bobo took more seriously than her Girl Scout motto—*Be Prepared*. She was Prepared, and she was being Independent and Resourceful, too, and quite courageous, as well.

"This is a scene that *ought* to be done," she cried to the audience in a valiant but shaking voice. "It isn't really on the program. It's called *The Benefit of Girl Scouting to Grown-ups*. Don't blame Mr. Bristle for anything that happens, because this is im—imp—well, made up as it goes along. Now I won't talk any more, because it has to be pantomime."

"Bobo!" hissed Miss Roberts and the Commissioner, from the wings. "*Bobo Witherspoon!*"

But the pair on the stage seemed to be oblivious—Mr. Bristle bewildered but docile, Bobo whispering suggestions that were inaudible to the spectators. Their pantomime now made it quite evident that the two were taking a walk in the woods—possibly Mr. Bristle's own woods, now the site of the day-camp. They crawled through fences, they climbed over rocks, they gazed up at the tall hemlocks, they contentedly chewed sassafras leaves. On all fours, Mr. Bristle fanned up an invisible fire; his eyeglasses dangled, his handsome cravat was askew. They paused to listen to bird song—and so rapt was Bobo's expression that the audience almost heard the song, too. Practically every one in the gymnasium knew about Mr. Bristle's unexpected picnic with Red Rose Troop—how, led by Bobo, he had gone primitive and ended up with torn clothes and a snake in his pocket, happy as a boy. That picnic had been responsible for his gift of the day camp shack. There could be no doubt now what the pantomime was about.

The two performers were reliving that golden afternoon, and somehow they made the audience see it, too. One could almost smell the pine needles and feel the warmth of the autumn sun on the rock ledges. When Mr. Bristle ate an imaginary hot dog from a nonexistent stick, wiped his hand on his white waistcoat and tilted up an invisible ginger ale bottle, the spectators gave a deep, nostalgic sigh.

And then the two on the stage caught the snake. A little garter snake that wasn't there—but you felt it must be, when Mr. Bristle

(Continued on page 46)



## So we sent Betty, of course!

We never hesitated a minute when the School Newspapers' Convention asked us to send a delegate. It was Betty, of course! She really did a swell job on our paper. And she's so pretty and friendly. Betty never gets flustered or upset, either. Even during her most difficult times, she stays poised and self-confident. One time I asked her about it . . .



"Haven't you heard?" she said.

"Gosh, Janey, I thought everybody knew about Miracle Modess! Why, I'd be lost at certain times without Modess' wonderful comfort and safety!"

"But, Betty, I thought all napkins were pretty much alike—"

"You old silly! Listen—Modess is *different!* It has a downy filler of *fluff*—instead of close-packed, papery layers. And that fluff-filler is so soft it moulds to the body perfectly. There's no bulky, bunched feeling."

"My! It really *does* sound different!"

"That's not all, Janey! Modess now has a grand comfort feature called 'Moisture Zoning' and a special moisture-resistant backing that makes you feel so *safe!*"

"Look, Betty, I'm going right home and tell mother to get—"

"—Tell her to get you Junior Miracle Modess. It's a pad made specially for girls so it's a little bit narrower. But it's wonderfully soft and safe just like regular Modess. And another nice thing is, Junior Modess costs less!"



Want to  
BOOST YOUR  
COUNCIL FUNDS?

Try the  
NEW

## GIRL SCOUT COOKIE SALES PLAN!

Both large and small troops or councils have found this proven sales plan the easy, sure way to raise funds and the new plan has many extra features! Your council should investigate it at once!



### QUALITY COOKIES

The cookies offered in this plan are of excellent ingredients and are perfectly baked. Quality approved by National Headquarters and Good Housekeeping Magazine. All cookies embossed with official GIRL SCOUT TREFOIL Insignia.

### A PLAN THAT ALMOST SELLS ITSELF!

The complete plan, tested by years of success, has MORE organization ideas and suggestions than ever before. A complete outline, plus sample packages, home service posters, publicity suggestions, make this plan one that 'can't miss'!



### PROMPT, COMPLETE SERVICE

And the cookies you order in this plan are FRESH, delivered to you promptly from your nearest bakery. Locations at:—

|                  |                    |
|------------------|--------------------|
| Buffalo, N. Y.   | Jamaica, N. Y.     |
| Chicago, Ill.    | Kansas City, Mo.   |
| Cincinnati, Ohio | Memphis, Tenn.     |
| Cleveland, Ohio  | Minneapolis, Minn. |
| Dallas, Tex.     | Pittsburgh, Pa.    |
| Detroit, Mich.   | St. Louis, Mo.     |

**FREE!**

To registered councils or troops. An outline of this plan will be sent you without obligation.

**IMPORTANT.** This plan is offered ONLY to councils and troops REGISTERED with National Headquarters!



### MAIL COUPON NOW

**GRENNAN BAKERIES, Inc.**  
General Office—844 Rush Street, Chicago, Illinois  
Send us complete details about making money with the Grennan Girl Scout Cookie Plan. We are registered Scouts. This coupon does not obligate us in any way.

Name of Council or Troop No. \_\_\_\_\_  
Your Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Street No. \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

## WHAT'S ON THE AIR?

This list has been selected by permission from the Educational Radio Check List published in "School Management Magazine." Programs are sponsored by Columbia Broadcasting System, the Mutual Broadcasting System, and the National Broadcasting Company. The time indicated is Eastern Standard Time.

Please check the times by your local newspaper.

### SUNDAYS, A. M.

10:30-11:00 **Wings Over Jordan**—A program of religious talks and spirituals by outstanding Negro leaders and educators, with a choir of thirty-six mixed voices.  
CBS

### SUNDAYS, P. M.

1:30-2:00 **March of Games**—Children who like asking and answering questions are given opportunity on this program directed by Nila Mack.  
CBS

2:00-2:30 **United We Stand**—A series of dramatized programs whose aim is to develop an understanding among Americans of the privileges and duties implied in being citizens of their country.  
CBS

4:30-5:00 **The World Is Yours**—Dramatizations of the world of science as revealed in the scientific investigations and exhibits of the Smithsonian Institution: October 6, Prospecting for Black Gold; October 13, Discovering the Source of the Mississippi; October 20, With the Clipper Ships to China; October 27, An Indian League of Nations.  
NBC-Red

7:00-7:30 **The World This Week**—Columbia correspondents in Europe and the United States review the news of the week.  
CBS

8:00-8:30 **The Columbia Workshop**—Unusual radio dramas, using the latest sound effects and radio techniques.  
CBS

8:30-9:00 **One Man's Family**—Widely popular drama of family life, recently voted the best dramatic serial on the air. Teddy, the young girl in the family, is of Girl Scout age.  
NBC-Red

9:00-10:00 **Ford Sunday Evening Hour**—Detroit Symphony with famous musical artists as guests.  
CBS

10:30-10:45 **Human Nature in Action**—Listeners interested in the whys and hows of human behavior will like these dramatized psychological portraits.  
NBC-Red

### MONDAYS, P. M.

5:00-6:00 **Children's Hour** (Mondays through Fridays—and repeated an hour later for West rn listeners.) This includes four fifteen-minute radio programs:  
NBC-Blue

5:00-5:15 **Rocky Gordon**—Dramatization of the story of America's railroads, packed with exciting adventures.

5:15-5:30 **Malcolm Claire**—Fables, original stories, and interpretations of historical events.

5:30-5:45 **Irene Wicker's Musical Stories**—"The Singing Lady" dramatizes a variety of stories, from traditional fairy tales to true childhood stories of great men.

5:45-6:00 **Bud Barton** tells the story of a typical boy, about twelve years old, who lives an exciting and, for the most part, happy life in a little Middle West river town.

8:00-8:30 **So You Think You Know Music**—A musical quiz program.  
CBS

8:30-9:00 **Voice of Firestone**—Symphony Orchestra directed by Alfred Wallenstein, with Richard Crooks and Margaret Speaks alternating as soloists.  
NBC-Red

10:30-11:00 **Adventure in Reading**—This series stresses the lives and works of those authors whose writings led to further progress in social and political thought: October 7, Pope; October 14, Schiller; October 21, Whitman; October 28, Shelley.  
NBC-Blue

### TUESDAYS, P. M.

8:30-9:00 **Information, Please**—Celebrities and intellectuals are put "on the spot" to answer questions sent in by listeners.  
NBC-Blue

9:00-9:30 **Musical Americana**—An all-American musical program designed to make Americans better acquainted with the truly fine music which our country has produced and is producing. Keyed to all musical tastes, *Musical Americana* hopes to win over those who look down on American popular music and, at the same time, to inspire a keener appreciation of serious music in those who "can't understand it" or "just don't care for it."  
NBC-Red

7:30-8:00 **Cavalcade of America**—A dramatic presentation of the mighty course of American life, through the stories of the men and women who have molded it.  
NBC-Blue

### WEDNESDAYS, P. M.

8:00-8:30 **Quiz Kids**—Each week, five boys and girls in Chicago are quizzed by a prominent educator. This program is gaining recognition as the "Information, Please" for young boys and girls.  
NBC-Blue

### THURSDAYS, P. M.

6:15-6:30 **Outdoors with Bob Edge**—A hunting and fishing expert recounts anecdotes and stories of out-of-door adventures, and furnishes useful information to sporting and nature enthusiasts.  
CBS

### FRIDAYS, P. M.

4:00-4:15 **Exploring Space**—Dramatizations of stories of constellations and planets by the Director of the Adler Planetarium in Chicago.  
CBS

### SATURDAYS, A. M.

11:15-11:30 **This Wonderful World**—Girls and boys take part in a nature quiz program conducted from the Hayden Planetarium.  
MBS

11:30-12:00 **Our Barn**—Madge Tucker, known to children everywhere as "The Lady Next Door," presents a series of weekly shows from her famous "barn" with child actors she has trained.  
NBC-Blue

### SATURDAYS, P. M.

12:30-1:00 **Let's Pretend**—Classic fairy tales dramatized by Nila Mack, with a cast of young actors.  
CBS

12:30-1:30 **National Farm and Home Hour**—Presented in cooperation with the U. S. Department of Agriculture. Offers the latest and best farm and home information available to farm families and in addition, provides music and entertainment.  
NBC-Blue

1:15-1:30 **Calling All Stamp Collectors**—News and information of interest to philatelists, presented in cooperation with the National Federation of Stamp Clubs.  
NBC-Red

1:15-1:30 **Highways to Health**—Medical talks for the layman, arranged by the New York Academy of Medicine.  
CBS

8:30-9:00 **Listener's Playhouse**—A weekly dramatic series featuring new radio plays and experimental radio production techniques.  
NBC-Red

9:30-10:00 **Radio Guild**—Plays written especially for radio.  
NBC-Blue

10:00-11:30 **NBC Symphony Orchestra**—This famous orchestra returns to the air for its fourth season on October 13. Hans Steinberg will conduct the October concerts.  
NBC-Blue

Be sure to check times by your newspaper. The programs as presented here were as accurate as the broadcasting companies and WHAT'S ON THE AIR? could make them, at the time of going to press. However, emergencies that arise in the studios sometimes necessitate eleventh-hour changes in program listings.



## WHAT'S ON THE SCREEN?

This list has been selected by permission from the movie reviews published in "The Parents' Magazine," New York City



—FOR AGES TWELVE TO EIGHTEEN—

### Excellent

**HOWARDS OF VIRGINIA, THE.** Colonial Virginia, where our present threatened liberties were born, is recreated in this superlative dramatization of Elizabeth Page's "Tree of Liberty." Cary Grant, splendid as the backwoodsman who wins the love of an aristocrat (Martha Scott), plays an important rôle in the Revolutionary War, and suffers the bewilderment of any father who fails to understand his son. Backgrounds photographed in Williamsburg; music, costumes, and all production values are excellent. (Col.)

### Good

**CHARLIE CHAN AT THE WAX MUSEUM.** Charlie's (Sydney Toler) number one son (Sen Yung) takes full advantage of the eerie background to get into ludicrous situations. Charlie does some pretty clever sleuthing in this one. (Fox)

**DANCING ON A DIME.** An amusing and delightful story of an ambitious director of a Federal Theatre Project who wins acclaim and his leading lady. (Para.)

**DR. KILDARE GOES HOME.** Dr. Kildare (Lew Ayres) returns home to find his father unable to handle the many medical cases in the industrial town. With the help of his superior in a large hospital (Lionel Barrymore), Kildare organizes a clinic to be staffed by struggling young doctors. (MGM)

**FOREIGN CORRESPONDENT.** When the present war outdistanced all known limits of intrigue, this film dropped the pretense of being history (it was originally to be a dramatization of Vincent Sheean's *Personal History*) and went in for frank mystery melodrama. The result is an always exciting film about a plot to kidnap a key diplomat while a man doubling for him is publicly assassinated to put investigators off the track. A second-string reporter (Joel McCrea), sent to Europe to dig up news the foreign correspondents are missing, uncovers the plot and has many hair-breadth escapes because he knows too much. Robert Benchley, as a bored London correspondent, gives just the right fillip to the comedy. Laraine Day and Herbert Marshall are well cast, but the real acting honors go to Albert Basserman as victim of the ruthless conspirators. Being co-author, Alfred Hitchcock's directorial flair for horror registers doubly to produce many tense scenes. (U A)

**LIFE WITH HENRY.** The Aldrich family series still has believable plots and Jackie Cooper gets better and better as Henry. In this one, how Henry earns \$100 to enable him to win a prize trip to Alaska, provides many delightful moments. (Para.)

**YOUNG PEOPLE.** Shirley Temple is allowed to go about her special business of captivating an audience without having to decide the fate of em-

pires in this pleasant comedy. The story is of two veteran vaudeville actors (Jack Oakie, Charlotte Greenwood) who try to give their adopted child a good home background by moving to a small New England community, but encounter prejudices on every hand. Singing and dancing clips from Shirley's early pictures, together with her work as a member of her parents' vaudeville team, display her amazing sense of rhythm and ability to time a speech. (Fox)

### Good Westerns

**GAY CABALLERO.** Cesar Romero and Chris-Pin effect a daring rescue and then ride nonchalantly off to seek new adventures. This time they thwart bandits who are after money sent in the care of Wells-Fargo, outsmart an attempt to involve them in murder, and clear the way for a romance between Sheila Ryan and Robert Sterling. (Fox)

**OKLAHOMA RENEGADES.** The Three Mesquiteers defy disasters and unfriendly neighbors to help injured war veterans secure homes in Oklahoma territory. A minstrel show enlivens the story. (Rep.)

**RAINBOW OVER THE RANGE.** Good music and beautiful scenery distinguish this Tex Ritter story of a man fighting to stamp out lawlessness. (Mono.)

**SON OF ROARING DAN.** Johnny Mack Brown poses as lost son of Roaring Dan in effort to locate the man who murdered his father. Fuzzy Knight helps to make the picture a thoroughly enjoyable Western. (Univ.)

**TULSA KID, THE.** Don "Red" Barry as a peaceful citizen swings into powerful action when a lawless band (including his foster father, Noah Beery) kill a group of ungarded cowboys. Barry wins new admirers with each picture. (Rep.)

—FOR AGES EIGHT TO TWELVE—

### Excellent

**HOWARDS OF VIRGINIA, THE**

### Good

**DANCING ON A DIME**  
**LIFE WITH HENRY**  
**YOUNG PEOPLE**

### Good Westerns

**RAINBOW OVER THE RANGE**  
**TULSA KID, THE**



For descriptions of the Eight-to-Twelve films, look under Twelve-to-Eighteen heading

Two scenes from THE HOWARDS OF VIRGINIA, awarded The Parents' Magazine medal as The Movie-of-the-Month for family audiences. The picture at the left shows the George Wythe house, one of the oldest private dwellings in America, used as a background for mob scenes while on location at historic Williamsburg, Virginia. Above: Martha Scott and Cary Grant in the leading rôles.



**New POWDER BASE . . .**  
**for Lasting Loveliness**

1. Holds powder on for hours.
2. Banishes nose shine.
3. Hides minor blemishes.
4. Easy to apply . . . easy to remove.
5. A greaseless, non-caking liquid . . . in 4 skin tones.

Choose your most flattering shade today!

**MINER'S Liquid MAKE-UP**  
50¢ of cosmetic counters; trial size of 10¢ stores

**FREE Generous Sample**

Send coupon and 3¢ stamp

PEACH . . . ☐  
RACHELLE . . . ☐  
BRUNETTE . . . ☐  
SUNTAN . . . ☐

MINER'S 12 E. 12th St., Dept. A20, New York, N.Y.  
I enclose 3¢ stamp to cover mailing cost. SEND me generous sample of Miner's Liquid Make-up FREE!  
Name . . .  
Address . . .

**Money Making Opportunity**

Popular household paper products, reasonably priced, sell quickly, make good profits and repeat. Samples of 10¢ Handy Wacks Waxed Paper and many other fast selling articles—FREE. Write—

**HANDY WACKS CORPORATION**  
SPARTA, MICHIGAN

**FUN and PROFIT**

Make baskets, leather articles, lampshades, pottery, wood models, greeting cards, mats, bags, blankets, trays, and hundreds of other items, at home. We furnish supplies, tools, accessories, looms, etc., at moderate prices. Send for Free Catalog NOW.

J. L. HAMMETT CO., 287 Main St., Cambridge, Mass.

**RINGS \$1.35 PINS-20¢**

Free Catalogue of School and Club Pins and Rings. Pin No. C 17 Silver Plated \$2.00 per doz. Gold Plated \$3.00 per doz. Sterling Silver \$3.00 per doz. Ring No. R 525 Sterling Silver \$13.00 per doz.

ARTISTIC MEDAL & BADGE CO.  
1122 Fulton Street New York, N. Y.

**BOYS & GIRLS Earn Christmas Money**

Send for 25 CHRISTMAS PACKAGES. Each package containing 40 assorted Christmas Seals, Cards, Tags, etc. Sell for 10¢. When sold send us \$1.50 and keep \$1.00. We trust you.

CHRISTMAS CARD CO. - Dept. 15, Beverly, Mass.

**YARN BUY DIRECT SAVE MONEY**

FREE Samples Rug and Knitting: Directions. Lowest Prices; Burlap Patterns given with Rug Yarn.

BARTLETT YARN MILLS, Box C, Harmony, Maine.

**ROLLS DEVELOPED**

Two Beautiful Double-Weight Professional Enlargements, 8 Never Fade Prints, 25¢.

CENTURY PHOTO SERVICE, La Crosse, Wis.

**GIRLS!**

Join the Band!

Play a Pedler Clarinet

It's as easy as pie, and heaps of fun! You might become a famous radio or concert artist! Favorites of dance bands and records artist! Favorite of dance bands and records today play Pedlers. See your dealer or write today for FREE BOOKLET telling how easily you can own one. FREE TRIAL!

**THE PEDLER COMPANY**  
Custombuilt Woodwinds  
Dept. G-16, Elkhart, Indiana



SVENELL CAMPBELL

THE Girl Scout Week number gives us an opportunity to look at a group of new books which seem almost made for the celebration of this occasion. To begin with Sunday—books that tell what religious freedom means are important at this time of the world's history when many are losing the right to worship as they wish. It is well to read such a volume as *Early American, the Story of Paul Revere* (Scribner's) by Mildred Martin Pace. Paul Revere's father was a French Huguenot, who was never free from danger because he lived at a time when those who believed differently from the accepted religion were persecuted. The father used to tell Paul that if he had ever lived in a government of oppression, he would understand what freedom meant. The father valued greatly the privilege of worshipping in peace, and warned his son that liberty is a precious thing and that it must be guarded carefully. Paul learned this lesson well, as you know from your study of history. But do you know, also, that Paul Revere was a famous silversmith, that he cast the first bell in Boston in 1792, and did many other things to make the United States what it is? Another interesting fact which one seldom reads is that Revere was the father of a happy family.

Which makes me think of a very happy little girl in *Becky and Tatters, A Brownie Scout Story* (Scribner's) by Eleanor Thomas, with illustrations by Gertrude Howe. I believe this is the first book written about Brownies. You may want to have the fun of reading it aloud to a group of Brownies, or of telling them about this story which features so many jolly and lively doings. There are attractive pictures of Becky, her dog Tatters, her good friend Miss Hubbard, and the other Brownies. I rather think all Girl Scouts will enjoy the book.

For home-making day, there is an enlightening volume on cookery, *The Story of Cookery* (Stokes), by L. Lamprey. You may be amazed at the interesting information that has been gathered together here. This book, which tells about the earliest cookery down to that of the present time, includes a chapter on wilderness cookery, on the herbalist, and on the cook books of Great-grandmother's day. There are many suggestions which will help you to be better cooks.

Often, in stories of girls who live in homes which are different from your own, you get ideas that help you to work out problems in your own households. You read, for example, how important congeniality in the family is, how desirable good manners are, how necessary it is to respect the rights of each member of the family. In *The Fair Adventure* (Viking), by Elizabeth Janet Gray, you will meet Serena Page MacNeil, the youngest of the

## By NORA BEUST

Chairman of The American Library Association Board for Work with Children and Young People

MacNeil clan. This family lives in a small Southern college town. Democracy is practiced in the family. For example, when Robin had been ill and, as a consequence, failed in his law examinations, it was Page who helped decide that Robin's need for another year at school was greater than her own need to go to Van Welmar. Her home town college of Middleton, she concluded, would mean a grand year for her. The motto of this household was, "From each according to his ability, to each according to his need." The book is full of the gay times of the modern college girl at picnics and parties, with friends and at home.

*Edra of the Islands* (Longmans), by Marjorie Medary, tells of a family who lived on Lockhead Island off the coast of Nova Scotia, and what happened after Edra became a waitress at a summer hotel.

*Within the Gates of Oxford* (Dutton), written and illustrated by Eleanor Hubbard Wilson, takes you back to life in Elizabethan England with Primrose and her father—and gay Robin Willowby, who looked like a green grasshopper in his tight clothes as he tumbled about among the ruddy-cheeked farmers and sang:

"All ye that can sing and say  
"Come to the town house and see a play."  
This family experienced many an adventure in Oxford town, to which came Queen Elizabeth and Sir Walter Raleigh. In the end they won some fame, a little fortune, and much happiness in the prospect of returning to their old home.

A volume to enjoy in connection with handicrafts is *A Book for Jennifer* (Scribner's), by Alice Dalgliesh, illustrated by Katherine Milhous and by cuts from old books. John Newbery, the first maker of children's books, began his work in London two hundred years ago. It was his shop to which Robert and John in the story went to purchase a book for their sister, Jennifer. Another famous man, Dr. Samuel Johnson, and his cat, Hodge, also appear in the story. You will read about *The History of Little Goody Two Shoes* and learn how these first books for boys and girls were made. In fact, the volume itself has a cover which looks somewhat like the "flowery and gilt" paper which Newbery used on his books.

In case you have not heard, you will want to know that James Daugherty's *Daniel Boone* (Viking) won the Newbery Medal this year for the most distinguished children's book of 1939. The medal is named in honor of the same John Newbery who appears as a character in *A Book for Jennifer*.

Another important book award, the Caldecott Medal, went to the d'Aulaires for their *Abraham Lincoln* (Doubleday). This prize has been awarded each year since 1938 to the illustrator of a picture book whose work is most distinguished.

Lack of thrift, or, at any rate, lack of a budget, is the source of Dick's foolishness and sister Harriet's reproof in *The Mail Wagon Mystery* (Albert Whitman), by May Justus, with pictures by Lucia Patton. The Murray children were having difficulties with their household expenses because their mother, who was ill, had been taken by their father to Asheville. Harriet was beginning to learn how to manage, however, when their uncle Matthew Murray wrote, "Can't you all come and live with us till times are better?" During this eventful visit, a mountain feud came to an end because Granny took matters into her own hands.

A story of the old days, when California was ruled by a Mexican governor, is *The Butterfly Shawl* (Doubleday), by Grace S. Dawson. In this book Luisa and her family were gracious hosts to a lad who was lost from his home. There is excitement in the parts about the rodeo and the Indian raid. The title refers to the beautifully embroidered shawl which was brought from China to the girl who knew how to be generous.

The responsibility of good citizenship is one of the privileges of those who live in a free country. Sometimes it isn't easy to be a good citizen, even in your own group at school. *The Cuckoo Calls: a Story of Finland* (Winston), by Nora Burglon and illustrated by Ingri and Edgar Parin d'Aulaire, tells of trouble brewing near the farm of Jukka and his twin sister, Vendla. But they had a pastor who said, "There should be no racial hatred in a democracy." The children have many adventures during the exciting times and also become very much interested in buried treasure and a museum.

It is fun to find a book on sports written for girls. If you have ever played tennis, or if you enjoy watching the game, *Champion's Choice* (Harcourt), by John R. Tunis, will add to your pleasure. Janet Johnson, it is true, had a special aptitude for the game—however, it wasn't all as easy as it looked, even for her.

A volume which gives you the rules for Horsemanship is *Riding* (Barnes), by J. J. Boniface. The author shares his love of



horses with the reader, in explaining essentials of good riding. *Modern Methods in Archery* (Barnes), by Natalie Reichart and Gilman Keasey, presents modern methods in target archery, introducing the "relaxed method" to which Mr. Keasey, the national archery champion, attributes his success.

Good posture, which is vital for health, is described and pictured in the pamphlet called *Sitting Pretty*, a guide to good posture for the office worker (John Wiley), by Janet Lane. You may remember that Janet Lane wrote also *Your Carriage, Madam!*

You can have a lot of fun and learn a great deal, too, about the stars from the book called *The Pinpoint Planetarium* (Holt), by Armand N. Spitz. The author describes how the planetarium scissors-pin-and-paste domes may be made and used by those who have trouble understanding involved sky charts. It

## TRUMPETER SWAN

voice was filled with bewilderment and anger. "Forgive me, my dear!" Quimby smiled kindly. "What do we talk of, here in the chapel? Of the same thing I talk about, in whatever corner of the world I find myself—here, in your ugly village; on a ship; in Pisa; in London; in Limoges; with your grandfather in Grasse. It is only this—*How do you fare, friend? If you are happy, let me rejoice with you. Are you wretched? Perhaps I can help you.* Here in Shrewsbury, my dear, I must confess that the answers trouble me."

"One has only to go through the village to see what is the matter," interrupted Simone. "The people are lazy, shiftless, and ignorant. They do not care about order and beauty and gayety as we do in Provence."

"So?" asked Quimby. He looked down at the flattened sheet of glass he had just completed. It would not do. An ugly flaw marred the very heart of it. "Send for more wood, my dear," he said to Simone, his sharp black eyes on the colorless, molten mass bubbling in the great pot. She hurried out to order the wood.

When she returned, he emptied the contents of one of his carved boxes into the kettle. In a flash the bubbling mass had turned red—red as blood! And then, while they all watched, he seized a long, slim iron tube from his tool rack, lifting the bright stuff on it until it hung high above the rim of the pot. With one end of the instrument at his lips he began to blow, forming a great clear bubble. Then, almost too fast to see, he had snatched up a cutting tool and was deftly slitting the bubble down one rounded side. He pulled it from the tube and flattened it out with sure, swift touches until it lay on the bench for all to marvel at, a transparent sheet of smooth, deep red glass.

"The color of my gown!" cried Simone. "So it is, my dear," smiled the artist. He turned to a servant. "Put this flawed piece into the rubbish box."

Day after day the glassmaker continued to talk and laugh with Simone, turning frequently to question the circle of English servants. And gradually perfect sheets of shining color were finished and wrapped in linen for safe-keeping—azure for the summer sea; deep, living green for ivy leaves; clear gold for a crown of glossy braids; opaque white for the graceful Trumpeter swan. Gradually, too, Simone came to look more sympathetically at her English servants and to listen to their talk with a more at-

tentive ear, even though she could not understand their words.

Edith M. Patch and Carroll Lane Fenton have added a fourth volume to their "neighbor books". *Prairie Neighbors* (Macmillan) gives you intimate close-ups of the birds, the animals, and the countryside of our prairie States. The bob-o'-link, cottontail, plover, and pocket gopher are some of the subjects.

Some of you may be planning for college days. Gulielma Fell Alsop and Mary France McBride, authors of *She's Off to College! A Girl's Guide to College Life* (Vanguard), believe that it is important to know something beforehand about college. You will read in this volume about freshman days, selecting the academic program, joining clubs, making dates, and even college commencements. The book is entertaining and filled with good suggestions.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16

tentive ear, even though she could not understand their words.

Then it was time for the next step in the making of the medallion, the cutting of the glass. On that day Quimby thought long.

"The floor?" suggested Simone, eager to help. "There is no table, I fear, which is large enough."

The artist shook his head. Together they searched the rooms of the castle, but nothing they found was bigger or steadier than the long trestle table in the great Hall. The glass sheets were carried in tenderly, to rest on one end of it while Quimby set to work at the other, enlarging his original sketch blackly on the scrubbed surface of the table. When it was finished, they all helped lift the colored sheets so that they lay, one by one, over that part of the picture they had been colored to represent. Then Quimby traced the design on the glass from the black outlines which showed through. Cut out with a sharp tool, these pieces were fitted carefully together to form the picture, space being left around each for the framework of folded lead strips.

And so, bit by bit, the medallion for the Lady Chapel was made—a glowing picture outlined in precise black, a picture of a girl in a crimson gown, bending to feed a snowy swan. Simone could not look at it enough. There remained now only the frame of scrolled iron which Quimby must make at the abbey forge.

The chapel workshop was quickly dismantled and, lacking her old friend's comforting presence, Simone found the castle colder, more dreary than ever. One day, huddled in her red cloak, she sat watching the dry leaves swirling down from the trees that bordered the river pool. As she watched, she tossed grain to the Trumpeter. He swam about aimlessly, as huddled and restless as she was herself.

"I haven't long to wait, Trumpeter," she whispered. "You were foolish not to go home."

It was so—she had not long to wait. Quimby's work at the abbey was nearly finished. He had promised to come to the castle to see her, but it was late afternoon now, and he had not yet appeared. Could he have forgotten? He had been mysterious about some entertainment he had arranged for her for the evening. As if anything in this dull country could interest people from Provence!

(Continued on page 43)

## New Girls' Books

### MYSTERY THE CURIOUS AFFAIR AT HERON SHOALS

By Augusta Hulett Seaman. Suspense, mystery and action combined with a tinge of humor make this a story you won't want to miss. Illustrated by Manning de V. Lee. \$2.00

### MILL CREEK MYSTERY

By Marjatan Chapman. The Glen Hazard girls face a perilous adventure in their search for a friend who has mysteriously disappeared in the Tennessee Mountains. Illustrated by Edward Shenton. \$2.00

### ADVENTURE

### ERNEST THOMPSON SETON'S TRAIL AND CAMPFIRE STORIES

Edited and with an Introduction by Julia M. Seton. Stories that range from Indian legends to tales of adventure in the wilds, from a ghost story to folklore and nature tales. \$1.00

### UNDER THE CAPSTONE

A TALE OF THE CHANNEL ISLANDS  
By Alfred S. Campbell. Many exciting adventures befall Wilfrid and Paula Leland and their American cousin, who search for relics of the ancient Romans and Gauls, on the Isle of Guernsey. Illustrated by Frank Dobias. \$2.00

AT ALL BOOKSELLERS  
D. APPLETON-CENTURY CO., 35 W. 32nd St., N. Y.

## You CAN MAKE

and furnish  
a charming  
8-room  
scale model  
house, by following the patterns and clear  
directions in

### THE DOLL HOUSE BOOK

by Helen Dean Fish

See it at your Bookshop \$2.00

F. A. STOKES CO., NEW YORK

**Buy! Engel**  
**Pocket Art Corners**  
The real thing for mounting Snapshots, Cards, Stamps, etc. No paste needed. Neat, easy to use for mounting prints tight or loose. Sold at photo supply and album counters or send 10¢ today for pkg. of 100 and free samples.  
Engel Art Corners Co., Chicago, Ill.  
Address Dept. 41C 4717 North Clark St.

## YARNS BUY DIRECT and SAVE!

FREE Sample book. Over 1000 colors. FREE Style book. Over 75 models. FREE instructions. Largest variety wool and novelty yarns in U.S.A. Lowest Prices! **WONOCO YARN CO., 371 Grand St., Dept. J-10, New York, N. Y.**

**LEARN LEATHERCRAFT**  
**MAKE GIFTS—EXTRA MONEY**  
Beautiful novelties, Belts, Purses, Bags, Camera Cases, Az Shirts etc., easily made in spare time. Leather Gifts are Popular. Command good prices! Learn at home! Make Extra Money!  
**SPECIAL FREE LESSON OFFER!**  
Get FREE LESSON (state project wanted) also Catalog of tools, kits, prices. Send 5¢ for 50 Samples of Colored Velvet Sheep Skin—footing Call and Lacing. Offer Limited! Write Today!  
**WILDER & COMPANY, Est. 1877**  
1038 Crosby St., Dept. AG-10 Chicago

**MAKE MONEY SPARE TIME**  
**Sell Christmas Cards**  
Amazing values! Just show these "50 for \$1" Personal Christmas Cards and take plenty orders. Make good profit. Our \$1 Box 21 Christmas Folders is also a money-maker for you. Many other \$1 sellers. Get samples on approval.  
**WALTHAM ART PUBLISHERS**  
360 N. Washington St., Dept. 369, Boston, Mass.



Edwin Strawbridge, premier dancer, and Virginia Miller, premiere danseuse, of JUNIOR PROGRAMS whose touring companies bring to the children of America fine productions of opera, ballet, drama, symphonies, and other forms of interpretive art

Listen to . . .



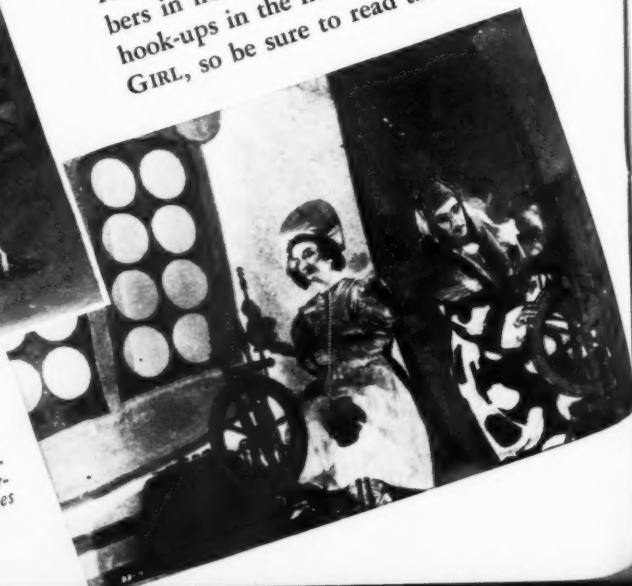
JUNIOR PROGRAMS' newest ballet, "Robin Hood," set to old madrigals

## the "Girl Scout THEATER PARTY"

Usher! First row center seats for this Girl Scout and all her friends and relatives. It's Girl Scout week! . . . at least the last of October will be. And then the NBC BLUE Network expects to carry thirty minutes of greetings to Girl Scouts, music, and a special radio adaptation of one of the popular Junior Programs, Inc. productions—the time to be announced later. So turn on your radio, invite your friends, and be hostess and guest-of-honor rolled into one. We hope to list special numbers in honor of Girl Scout week over other hook-ups in the next issue of THE AMERICAN GIRL, so be sure to read the radio page.



Scene from a new production of JUNIOR PROGRAMS, "Run, Peddler, Run," which depicts life in Colonial America. Anthony James plays the part of the captain, and Barney Brown is the peddler. At right: Scene from Rimsky-Korsakov's opera, "The Bumble Bee Prince," a favorite production with JUNIOR PROGRAMS audiences



## TRUMPETER SWAN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41

She began to pace, restlessly. Quimby had never really said he would take her home. Always he put off mention of the journey. Could he be planning to go without her? Was that why he had not come? Suddenly she felt she could wait no longer.

Like a blown leaf she flashed along the parapet, through the gate and across the cobble courtyard. No one saw her go when, a few minutes later, wrapped from eyes to heels in hooded gray, she slipped out of the gate and took the river path that skirted the village and led to the new abbey. She walked swiftly at first, then more and more slowly until her footsteps lagged. *What if Quimby refused?* She did not even glance at the town as she passed.

Presently the spreading, unfinished abbey loomed up before her in the fading light and she stood for an uncertain second, wondering how to enter. The far-away octaves of evensong that fell upon her ears meant the monks were at prayers. How, then, could she get word to the old glassmaker? She stepped back as a small door in the wall opened.

It was a familiar cloak-wrapped figure that stepped briskly out into the street. "Ah, it's you, my dear," said Quimby lightly, as if coming upon her in this place was usual. "But is it wise for you to be abroad unattended at this time of day?"

"You—you didn't come," faltered Simone. "And I was afraid—"

Quimby nodded. "I know, I know. I'm late. But you have saved me the long walk to the castle by coming, for it is here in the village that we are spending the evening."

"At the abbey? I thought—"

Quimby slipped an arm through hers. "No. I said 'Here in the village.' You recall the stableboy at the castle—young Thomas?"

Simone nodded, puzzled. "Of course. He's the boy with the yellow hair, the one—"

"Exactly. It is to his father's house we are going. His father is the smith, and something else, too. He is head of the new craftsmen's guild."

"But why—?" The girl's brows contracted in a puzzled frown.

Quimby raised his hand. "This village of yours is not a happy place in which to live."

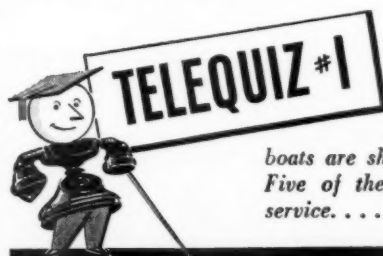
"Village of mine?"

"You chose that responsibility, did you not, my dear, when you came to be Lady of Shrewsbury? Before you go home, I want you to see why your people are unhappy."

The village was even more of a shabby hodge-podge than Simone remembered. Mean wooden houses held each other up in crooked rows. The river to the left was dull and lifeless under a darkening sky. Pigs rooted in gutters, dingy geese fled squawking before them. The few townspeople they met plodded along with heads down, without even a curious glance at the castle folk.

At the crossroads Quimby paused before a low building. A ring of iron on an oaken arm proclaimed it to be the house of the smith. Before the glass maker knocked, he turned to Simone. "Pull your hood well over your face," he advised. "These people must not know who you are."

The room they entered was dim and low,  
(Continued on page 45)



In this picture, eight different kinds of boats are shown. Can you name each kind? . . . Five of them carry Bell System radio-telephone service. . . Which do you think are so equipped?



IN THE order shown, the boats are: fishing schooner, sampan, yacht, canoe, tug, gondola, freighter and ocean liner.

How many did you know? Six? Very good! And did you guess that numbers 1, 3, 5, 7 and 8 can be equipped with radio-telephone service to keep them in *speaking* communication with the land? . . . You can imagine how convenient such

service is. And, in case of storm or trouble, how *necessary*!

The Bell System radio-telephone service is an important part of the Bell Telephone System which you use all the time. The fact that you would be able to telephone to a ship at sea, if you needed to, is one of the many good things about living in a country whose telephone service is the finest and most efficient in the world.

## BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM



## FREE CATALOG - PINS and RINGS

Class pins, club pins, rings and emblems. Finest quality. Reasonable prices from 30c up. Write today for our attractive, free catalog.

Dept. B, METAL ARTS CO., Inc., Rochester, N. Y.

## EARN MONEY FOR YOUR TREASURY

Over a million **SUNFLOWER DISH CLOTHS** were sold during 1939 by lodges, women's clubs, and auxiliaries, etc. Finest quality cloths. They enable you to earn money for your treasury and make friends for your organization.

SAMPLE FREE TO TROOP LEADERS  
SANGAMON MILLS - Est. 1912 - COHOES, N. Y.

## KNITTING YARNS

HIGHEST QUALITY FOR OVER 30 YEARS

Ask for **FREE Sample Card**—all types. Prompt Mail Service.

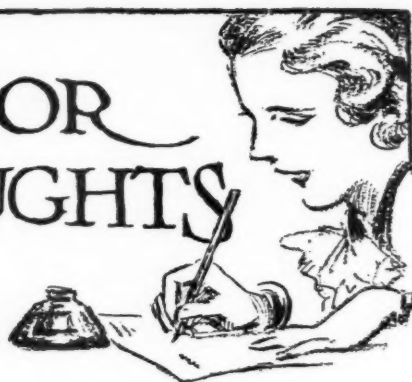
**CLIVEDEN YARN CO.**

Dept. E-17, 711 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.





# A PENNY FOR YOUR THOUGHTS



## THEA ENJOYED THE AUDUBON ARTICLE

PALMER LAKE, COLORADO: I have received four issues of *THE AMERICAN GIRL* and have read them from cover to cover. I'm awfully glad when they come. My favorite stories and articles are those about Bushy and Lofty, Yes-We-Can Janey, and Dilsey; also *Sing for Your Supper* and Donald Culross Peattie's *Lucy Audubon*. I liked the latter because it revealed some of Lucy's and John Audubon's life that other stories don't tell. I also like the way Donald Culross Peattie writes. It sounds so real. I wish that you would publish more articles about great naturalists by Peattie.

I'm spending my vacation in the Rocky Mountains near Palmer Lake, Colorado. I am a Girl Scout. Our troop has lots and lots of fun. I collect stamps, swim, hike, am a book-worm, and like school.

We have *THE AMERICAN GIRL* in the school library. That is where I first read the magazine and decided to have a subscription. And I did. I think all girls should have *THE AMERICAN GIRL*, and my parents agree.

*Thea Schreiber*

## WE'LL HAVE AN INDEX, KATHLEEN

MENOMINEE, MICHIGAN: For nearly four and a half years now I've been taking *THE AMERICAN GIRL*, and I think it's almost time that I write to tell you how much I like it. Honestly, I think it's the grandest magazine a girl could ever hope for!

Although all the stories are swell, my favorites are those about Lucy Ellen. Of the articles, I like best those written by Beatrice Pierce and Hazel Rawson Cades.

Would it be possible, say every six months or so, to publish a complete index of the past issues of *THE AMERICAN GIRL*? I think every one would appreciate that! Many is the time that I've wanted to look up a story or article in a past issue, and have had an awful time trying to find it. An index of past issues would make that so much easier to do.

Before I close I want to mention the drawings of Orson Lowell. They're just perfect.

Here's hoping we'll always have *THE AMERICAN GIRL* for our companion and guide.

*Kathleen Steber*

## CLARE IS A GIRL SCOUT MARINER

JAMAICA PLAIN, MASSACHUSETTS: I have been a Girl Scout for six years and I think it

is about the best organization that any girl could belong to. This last year the whole troop has changed to the Mariner program, since all of us are interested in boats and sea life.

I have taken *THE AMERICAN GIRL* for four years and always look forward to the next issue. I enjoy the Bing stories as well as those about the determined Janey Lewis who always succeeds.

Our articles are always interesting so I would like to see some on the Mariners. Keep up your good work—and I know every other girl will join me when I say that *THE AMERICAN GIRL* is tops.

*Clare Walsh*

## AND GLORIA IS GOING TO BE ONE

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK: I am writing this letter to pay tribute to the best magazine published. I have taken *THE AMERICAN GIRL* for four years but have never written before.

I have given considerable thought to the problem of choosing my favorite character and after much deliberation I have chosen Midge. She is certainly a typical American Girl. Lucy Ellen, Yes-We-Can Janey, and Sara Hemingway run close seconds.

The articles are simply grand. My favorites are those on careers for girls. I also enjoy reading the travel articles.

My favorite department is *A Penny For Your Thoughts*—I always read it first. I am never at a loss for good jokes, thanks to *Laugh and Grow Scout*. *In Step With the Times* provides me with many interesting topics for conversation.

The serials are perfect. I have noticed that practically every serial published in *THE AMERICAN GIRL* is made into a book afterwards. Do you think we could have one by Fjeril Hess? I love her Girl Scout stories. My favorite serials are *Sing for Your Supper* and *Make Believe Dog*.

I have been a Girl Scout for four years so the Scout departments interest me greatly. I am planning to become a Mariner in the fall so I enjoyed the story, *Janey Finds a Skipper*, immensely.

*Gloria Kohler*

## MARGARET IS MUSICAL

ATCHISON, KANSAS: I am fourteen years old and will be a sophomore in high school this year. I have taken *THE AMERICAN GIRL* nearly three years now, and I don't see how I ever got along without it. It is the very best magazine I have ever read.

My chief interest is music, my "first love" being the violin. I also play snare drum, piano, clarinet, and cello. My hobbies are stamp collecting, photography, collecting china dogs, and miniature doll furniture. I am a Girl Scout in Atchison's senior troop, number two. I enjoy Scouting very much, and I only wish I had more time to spend on it, but practicing music keeps me pretty busy.

My favorite stories in *THE AMERICAN GIRL* are the Yes-We-Can Janey and the Bushy and Lofty series. But the whole magazine is perfect, and may it continue to bring happiness to all girls forever!

*Margaret Davis*

## BETTY LIVES ON A RANCH

BUFFALO, WYOMING: Let me compliment you on the grandest magazine I've ever seen—*THE AMERICAN GIRL*.

I live on a two-thousand-and-eighty-acre ranch, owned by my father. It is about twenty-five miles from a small town, at the foot of the Big Horn Mountains, called Buffalo.

I go to school in Buffalo and am a member of the Girl Scouts in Buffalo, as I have been since I was old enough to join. I am thirteen years old now and will be in the eighth grade this year.

I like very much to go horseback riding on my favorite horse, Chubby. I love to read and write stories and poetry.

I have a collection of picture post cards and post marks from different places. I also collect cartoons and make scrapbooks of them.

I help my father with the ranching as I have lived on a ranch all my life.

*Betty Duncan*

## JOYCE'S BEST CHRISTMAS PRESENT

PATTEN, MAINE: The best present which I received for Christmas last year was my subscription to *THE AMERICAN GIRL*.

My father runs a sporting camp in the Maine woods. Our nearest neighbor, who is a farmer, lives seven miles away. We receive our mail once a week, and I am always glad to get my magazine.

My only playmate is my dog, Teddy. Sometimes he goes swimming with me. I like to read and play croquet with Mother and Dad.

In the winter I go to school in Patten. I am eleven years old and in the sixth grade.

My favorite characters in *THE AMERICAN GIRL* are Bushy and Lofty and Midge. In fact, I think our whole magazine is well worth reading.

*Joyce Hall*

*If you wish information about starting a Girl Scout Troop, write to Girl Scouts Inc., attention Field Division, 14 West 49th St., New York City*

## TRUMPETER SWAN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 43

and full of smoke from the smoldering fire on the hearth. Simone, peering uncertainly, recognized the yellow hair of Thomas. A wan little girl sat near the fire, cuddling a doll that was a mere rag wound around a stick. Quimby smiled and nodded to a gaunt woman who rose to greet them—as if they were expected, thought the young mistress of Shrewsbury Castle. She was sorry she could not understand the woman's words, but Quimby translated them for her.

"Well, my pretty," said the woman, "I've wanted for long to talk with you. I've wanted to tell you our troubles here in Shrewsbury. Our little folk are hungry, our men without tools or land, our taxes so heavy they have beaten us to our knees."

They all turned at the sound of loud knocking and sudden, rough voices. Simone found herself herded into the darkest corner of the room, and was relieved to find Quimby at her elbow.

The door opened and immediately the room was noisy with rough voices. A big fellow with a black beard and bulging muscles, the smith without a doubt, hung a guttering cresset from a low cross-beam and roared an order. The other men took their places, sitting on the dirt floor; first one, then another, sprang up from his place to speak.

Simone listened and watched, turning a jeweled ring round and round nervously on her finger. The light from the cresset fell upon pitifully gaunt faces, despairing eyes; on bitter, bearded lips. And Quimby, beside her, gathered up the fierce, shouted words that foamed so hotly in the crowded room and sorted them out into something she could understand.

"My children starve. The smallest is too weak to walk."

"I have had to sell my last sheep. What will we have to eat when the snows come?"

"I cannot see my brother's family die, but I have not enough to feed my own. He was given by our generous lord to the abbey, there to labor without wages!"

"They took all my seed corn for taxes. In the spring my fields will be barren."

The flaying words laid bare the festering root and ugly flower; the cause and effect of Shrewsbury's misery; the attitude of the conqueror and the conquered. These matters Simone pondered with a shocked clarity of vision. Was this distressing picture what Quimby had been trying to show her during these past weeks as he worked at the medallion?

Her heart swelled with sympathy. Quimby was right. She was the one who could help these people, who could bring to her father, the Earl, the convincing tale of their wrongs. This duty was hers, hers alone. Her imagination, always active, felt a sharp thrust at her heart, like the knife point which carved the cygninota. But she was not frightened. For the first time since she had put foot on English soil, she felt warm and—free!

The meeting lasted a long time and even when it was over, men remained to shout and pound their fists in passionate intensity. Finally only Thomas, his mother, little sister, Simone, and Quimby remained, for the smith, too, had gone with the other men. Simone clutched the old glassmaker's arm with sudden purpose.

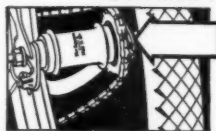
## The Heart of the Bicycle



Operates from the foot pedals, drives and coasts and brakes better. Lightest weight, greatest braking power, gives smoother, quicker stops. Non-adjustable and sealed, it is certain in its action—hot or cold, wet or dry. Costs no more! The choice of 12½ million riders. For best value, be sure your bicycle has a . . .

## NEW DEPARTURE

### Coaster Brake in the Rear Hub



**LOOK** ON THE BRAKE ARM (also, on the rear hub) for the name NEW DEPARTURE, accepted proof of coaster brake and bicycle value throughout the world.



## TASTY, FLAKY and FINE!

Made of the finest ingredients  
Baked to a golden brown

### WESTON COOKIES are the BEST

These cookies have been supplied to Local Councils in New York, New Jersey, Connecticut and several other states.

**LOCAL COUNCILS**—Write for information as to how to insure the success of your cookie sale campaigns.

**WESTON BISCUIT COMPANY, PASSAIC, NEW JERSEY**

275 Vassar Street  
Cambridge, Massachusetts  
2090 Wheatthearf Lane & P.R.R.  
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania  
"AUTHORIZED BAKERS OF GIRL SCOUT COOKIES"

## ONLY ONE MORE MONTH TO ENTER PICTURES IN THE AMERICAN GIRL PHOTOGRAPHY CONTEST!

Twelve cash prizes will be awarded for the best snapshots submitted under a general classification entitled, "This Appeals To Me."

**FIRST PRIZE, \$10.00—SECOND PRIZE, \$5.00—TEN \$1.00 PRIZES**

All entries postmarked up to midnight of November 1st will be considered eligible.

1. Entrants may submit as many pictures as desired, but all must have been taken by the sender during the period of the contest. Prints taken prior to July first are not acceptable.

2. Each print must be clearly marked in ink on the back with the sender's name, full address, and age. State also if you are a Girl Scout and if so, give troop number, and your leader's name. Each print must be marked with the name of the camera and the name of film used.

3. Entries will be judged on attractiveness of composition and quality of photography.

4. Your snapshots may be made on any type of film, but must not be made on glass plate negatives. Developing and printing may be done by a photo-finisher or the entrant. No print or enlargement

more than ten inches in the longest dimension will be accepted. Pictures should not be mounted or framed.

5. Winners must be prepared to furnish negatives of winning pictures. Do not, however, send negatives until requested by the contest judges.

6. Not more than one prize will be awarded to any contestant.

7. All prints become the property of THE AMERICAN GIRL. No prints will be returned to the senders, nor will entries be acknowledged. THE AMERICAN GIRL reserves the right to reproduce in the pages of the magazine any photograph submitted in the contest.

8. Address all entries to: Photography Contest Editor, THE AMERICAN GIRL, 14 West 49th Street, New York City.

**ANNOUNCEMENT OF THE PRIZE WINNERS** will be made in the January 1941 issue

"You will tell her, please," she begged, indicating the gaunt woman, "that now I am come to Shrewsbury and know of these things, they will be remedied. If the laws are unjust, let us work together to change them. Believe me, I did not know of these things because—because I have been too stupid to learn the English language. My father is a good man and kind, but he is troubled with the many weary affairs our King has seen fit to put upon his shoulders. But I—I am here. I will tell him of your

wrongs. I will be your voice—your trumpet."

It was an exhilarating walk back to the castle. Quimby smiled to himself in the darkness, and Simone's mind was crowded with many things. She was sharply aware of the brightness of the stars that hung above the treetops, and she knew that the wind along the river was crisp and sweet with frost. She saw the white shapes of the swans among the marsh grasses.

Just before they reached the gate, she

stopped to put an arresting hand on her old friend's arm.

"Quimby," she said, "will you tell Thomas that there is one swan in our flock who may find it hard to winter with the rest? He is the Trumpeter from the South, but he bears a Shrewsbury cygnota—so, of course, he would not want to run away and leave those who depend upon him. Ask Thomas, to-morrow, to fashion a shelter for this swan, and a small pool, perhaps, in some warm corner of our courtyard."

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37

gingerly popped something between thumb and finger into Bobo's mess tin. But when she, in turn, drew that pinch of emptiness out of the pan again and tenderly put it into Mr. Bristle's pocket, he could no longer be restrained. He remembered so well what he had said—he remembered so well the brief, heart-warming sense of youth and freedom and out-of-doors that had swept him off his feet, and did so again even in retrospect. Forgetting that this was pantomime, forgetting that he was in a gymnasium filled with that large gathering which had so unnerved him when he had first faced it, and almost seeing around him the pines and hickories of his long unvisited woods, he shouted, "Snake in my pocket, *bo, bo!* Sas-safras leaf to chew on—burrs on my pants—snake in my pocket—*bo, bo, bo!*"

After so long a time of silent gesture, the effect of this booming and whole-hearted pronouncement was positively electric. Every one in the hall knew about that snake in Mr. Bristle's pocket and his infectious *bo, bo* was echoed in a gale of uncontrollable laughter that swept the audience as the applause and stamping and cheering broke out.

As usual, Miss Roberts didn't know quite whether to scold or to praise Bobo Wither- spoon. Mr. Bristle, panting behind the closing curtains, was thanking his small partner.

"By George, Bobo," he said, "you saved Horatio Bristle's reputation, I guess. I certainly was—"

"And you told me you couldn't and wouldn't act!" Bobo interrupted reproachful-

## THE DUMB SHOW

ly. "Dear Mr. Bristle, that was just exactly the scene I wanted us to do. I thought of it over and over again, but I never even got a chance to tell you about it."

"Hrrrump!" said Mr. Bristle uneasily. Then his eye brightened. "Listen to 'em," he croaked, "listen to 'em! Think they liked it, hey? By George—they liked it!"

They liked it so much that they demanded that *The Benefit of Girl Scouting to Grown-ups* should have the award. Mr. Bristle was forced, at this point, to reappear between the curtains. His cravat was still crooked.

"Very gratifying," he puffed, "very gratifying indeed, but just impossible. Guess I'll have to admit why. You see—well, I happen to be the anonymous donor, only now I suppose I'm not anonymous. And you can understand that the prize can't go to anything I got mixed up in. Not that Bobo doesn't deserve a medal," he added in a appreciative mutter.

Fresh cheers shook the gym as the identity of the donor was revealed.

"Red Rose! Red Rose! Red Rose!" shouted the audience.

All were agreed that the whole Red Rose exhibition was the best done, anyway, and as the prize was a troop award and not supposed to go, in any case, to an individual or small group, the solution seemed obvious. The set of dishes would be installed in the Little House, with the name of Red Rose Troop unobtrusively inscribed on the china cabinet.

"And you must come often and have tea

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37

out of those lovely green cups, Mr. Bristle," babbled the Commissioner, still somewhat shaken by the crowning event of the evening.

"Thanks, thanks," said Mr. Bristle, dusting his clothes as though he expected pine needles to fall out of them. "Don't know but what I'd rather eat out in the open with Bobo and those other wild Roses, though," he grinned.

"You must come out to the day camp any time you want to," Miss Roberts said, a little apprehensively.

"Don't forget you have a snake in your pocket, Mr. Bristle," Bobo reminded him suddenly. The old gentleman jumped and clapped a hand to his coat tails.

"Eh?" he snorted. "By George, Bobo, I expected to feel the little varmint wiggle!" he admitted sheepishly. "We sure invented a mighty real snake there."

"That's because it was such real pantomime," Bobo mused. "It *wasn't* a dumb show, was it? And I did *try* to be Independent and Resourceful."

"You were all of that," murmured Miss Roberts.

Mr. Bristle put his hand into his pocket again to be sure about that snake. Instead, he found his notes—wrapped up in his handkerchief, where they had been all the time. He started so violently that any one might have thought the snake really did exist.

"By George," he muttered shamefacedly to himself, "I'm really kind of glad I didn't find 'em when I wanted 'em!"

## MUSIC IN YOUR OWN BACK YARD

"People been tellin' me I was a good preacher for nigh onto sixty years," he said, "but I never knew I was that good."

Our dusty car and our recording equipment have seen strange places in our travels. We have recorded songs in lumber camps, in the huts of share croppers, on ships smelling of tar and brine, among workers in cotton fields, and in automobile factories in crowded cities. Often in prisons (we find many fine songs in prisons where men are segregated and sing to pass the time) we cut our records in the hospital, because it is quiet there. And once I even remember being solemnly ushered into the execution chamber, because it was the only sound-proofed room in the prison. The only chair in the room—and somehow we all avoided it—was the execution chair. That setting didn't seem to bring out the best in song.

It was in a prison that my father and I met one of the greatest folk-song artists we have come across, Huddie Ledbetter—he was called Leadbelly. I would like to tell you a little about him.

Leadbelly called himself "de king of de

twelve-string guitar players ob de world." He wasn't modest, but he was right. From him we got our richest store of folk songs, over a hundred new songs that Leadbelly had heard since his childhood in Morningsport, Louisiana, and had varied to fit his own singing and playing style.

Music was natural to Leadbelly. When he was a child, one of his uncles gave him an accordion. Here's how Leadbelly tells about it: "I was so glad I natchully jump an' shout. I played dat accordion *all* night long. Papa would raise up and say, 'Son, ain' cha fixin' to lie down?' But I was awhipping it down to de groun'."

Later Leadbelly got a guitar, which he loved even more, and he used to travel around Louisiana, singing for white folk and Negroes. He would sing songs he knew, and sometimes he would compose new ones. The songs came out of his daily experience, just as most folk songs do.

For example, Leadbelly used to hear his uncle, Bob Ledbetter, shout to his wife, Silvy, as he worked in the fields under the hot sun, "Bring me li'l water, Silvy." The

words began to sound a chant in Leadbelly's mind, so he picked up his guitar, and started composing "Bring Me Li'l Water, Silvy," a song he still sings in concerts.

Leadbelly is a fine but erratic worker. He once told me that he was "de bes' cotton picker dat country (Texas) ever saw. Wouldn't wuck but five days a week, an' den pick mo' cotton dan any two niggers wuckin' six." But he had a terrible temper which was always getting him in trouble. And consequently, when we met him he was in the Louisiana State Penitentiary.

Leadbelly begged us to help him get out of prison, and said he had composed a song to Governor O. K. Allen of Louisiana that he would like the Governor to hear. So we recorded the song for him. It went like this:

"In nineteen hundred an' thirty-two,

"Honorable Guvner O. K. Allen,

"I'm 'pealin' to you.

"If I had you, Guvner O. K. Allen,

"Like you got me,

"I would wake up in de mornin',

"Let you out on reprieve."

(Continued on page 49)

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7





## Laugh and Grow Scout

### Economy

**FIRST GIRL SCOUT:** Do you know what they do with the holes in stale doughnuts?

**SECOND GIRL SCOUT:** Yes, they break them up and use them for macaroni.—

Sent by JUNE CONNOR, Victor, New York.

### Definition

**BROWNIE:** What is a sanitarium?

**SENIOR SCOUT:** A sanitarium is a place where those who are run down wind up.—

Sent by JANE NEVINS, Larchmont, New York.

### Overheard

**FIRST CLASS:** I'm going to give you this violin.

**SECOND CLASS:** An out-and-out gift?

**FIRST CLASS:** Absolutely! No strings to it.—Sent by JOYE HUMES, Iola, Kansas.

### Good Reason

**FIRST SCOUT** (doing home work): Is "pants" a common noun?

**SECOND SCOUT:** No, "pants" is an uncommon noun.

**FIRST SCOUT:** Why?

**SECOND SCOUT:** Because they are singular at the top and plural at the bottom.—Sent by MARILYNN ROGERS, Bakersfield, California.

### The Interim



**FIRST CLASS:** How do you like going to school?

**BROWNIE:** I don't mind going to school or coming home—it's what's in between that burns me up.—Sent by MARY NELL GRAINGER, Shreveport, Louisiana.

### The Funniest Joke I Have Heard This Month



### It Can Happen Here

**FIRST CAMPER** (who slept in the Second Camper's tent): Thank you for that glass of water you left for me last night. It was so refreshing to drink early this morning.

**SECOND CAMPER:** What! Don't tell me you swallowed my tadpoles!—Sent by DOROTHY REA, Costa Mesa, California.

Send THE AMERICAN GIRL your funniest joke, telling us your name, age, and address. A book will be awarded to every girl whose joke is published in this box.

you know?" inquired Anna earnestly.—Sent by ANNA WEST, Presque Isle, Maine.

### After Exams

**FIRST MARINER:** Well, how were your marks?

**SECOND MARINER:** They were under water.

**FIRST MARINER:** What do you mean, under water?

**SECOND MARINER:** Below "C" level.—Sent by MYRTLE NIELSEN, Dike, Iowa.

### Unanswerable

Barbara and Anna were talking about the work they were planning to do in order to win their My Country badge.

Anna asked: "Do you know all the States in the United States?"

"Well, almost all," replied Barbara.

"Which ones don't



### A Miracle

**TENDERFOOT:** Isn't it wonderful how these filling-station people know exactly where to set up a pump and get gas?—Sent by DOROTHY BROWN, Florence, South Carolina.

### Camp Conversation

"Did you notice those stuttering sign painters?"

"No, where?"

"Didn't you see that sign, 'C-C-C-Camp'?"—Sent by MARY ELLEN QUINLIN, Chicago, Illinois.

### Home Grown

**SENIOR SCOUT:** Where did you get your dog?

**TENDERFOOT:** I got him when he was a pup, and I grew the rest of him.—Sent by CONSTANCE CARRIE, Abilene, Texas.



*I'm Happy*  
**BECAUSE I'm Healthy**

**SAFE,** every day of the month from the feeling of insecurity and the irritation of improper Sanitary Protection. Only the finest is worth trusting at critical times. And, the finest always means Venus Sanitary Napkins.

Even your health may be undermined by the jangled nerves that so many women endure because they have not discovered Venus.

For twenty-five years this excellent product has protected countless women, its finer quality bringing complete protection and real economy. Real cotton (not paper) in a specially knitted covering (not harsh gauze) that conforms to every movement and ALWAYS protects.



**VENUS REGULAR**—A dozen in the familiar blue box. Three sizes to exactly suit every need.



**VENUS JUNIOR**—In the new package: same quality, a little smaller, for slender women and teen-age girls.



**VENUS TRAVELING PACKAGE**—Still the same fine quality, amazingly compressed into a tiny box that slips into the purse. 3 napkins with safety pins.

If your store cannot supply you with Venus Products, write Dept. A



**NUACE MOUNTING CORNERS**  
NO MORE lost negatives! Keep prints and negatives together in your album with these handy corners.

Regular, Junior, and Senior styles in black, white, gray, green, red, sepia, ivory, gold, and silver. Also Transparent style for 100% visibility.

A dime a pkg. at stores in U.S. (15c in Canada), or send 10c for package and samples.

**24 Gould St. ACE ART CO. Reading, Mass.**

**HALF PENNY**  
56 DIFFERENT from Falkland Islands (shown), Kenya, Sinkiang, Tanganyika, Belangor, Italian E. Africa, 70 yr. old N. G. Postal Dist., other odd lands. All for 5c with approvals. **IMPERIAL STAMP CO.**, Dept. G, Box 71, Sta. D, New York, N. Y.

**GIVEN! 37 PACKET**  
Including Queen Astrid Mourning Stamp, Philippines, Will Rogers, Greenland, Hatay, Ecuador, New York, San Francisco World's Fair, 83 U. S. Postage Due, & 20 others absolutely free to approval applicants.

**PAUL FRAIR** 8 Smith Street Glens Falls, N. Y.

**UNITED STATES ONLY**  
We sell Old Issues, Commemoratives, Airmails, Revenue, First Day Covers, etc. at lowest prices. Send 25c coin for our complete U. S. Catalog and \$5.00 postage stamp of 1922.

**ADAM G. BERT PITTSBURGH, PA.**

**STAMP BOOK FREE**  
Large forty-page stamp book describing stamps of all countries. Includes Stamp Encyclopedia, FREE.

**EMPIRE STAMP COMPANY**  
Dept. AG. Toronto Canada

**"FREE—THE STAMP FINDER!"**  
Send today for our valuable "Stamp Finder"—an illustrated booklet enabling you instantly to identify all difficult stamps and tell at a glance the countries from which they come! Also fine packet of odd and unusual stamps from Bosnia-Herzegovina, Monaco, Patiala, Cyprus, etc. including maps, ships, animals and strange scenes. All free to approval applicants enclosing 5c postage.

**BARCLON STAMP CO., Box 507, Calais, Maine**

**U. S. INVERT**  
For a limited time, to every applicant for our U. S. Approval Service, we will send a scarce U. S. Invert (unused). An 8-page booklet listing and pricing every U. S. Commemorative will be included, and both can be had by sending 5c for postage and handling.

**HUBER STAMP CO.**  
1227 CHELTON AVE. DEPT. 25 PITTSBURGH, PA.

**LIBERIA AIRMAIL TRIANGLE**  
(Illustrated) also stamps from Gobi Desert, Snake stamp, Devil's Island, Silver Jubilee, Mermaid stamp, set U. S. (nearly 50 years old), etc.—all FREE with little or no approval. Send 5c postage.

**PILGRIM STAMP CO.**  
W. Arlington-A, Baltimore, Md.

**FREE! SNAKE TRIANGLE!**  
Scarce Mosambique (shown), also Cannibal Island, Togoland, Greenland, (over 100 years old), etc.—all FREE with little or no approval. Send 5c postage. **SEMINOLE STAMP CO.**, P. O. Box 6, Baltimore, Md.

**STAMP COLLECTION FREE!**  
Contains Africa; Confederate States (facsimile); China "Wild Goose"; French Colonies; Beautiful Belgian Queen Astrid stamp, etc. all free to approval applicants sending 5c postage. 1000 hinges, 7c. Watermark Detector, 2c. 15 Confederate Prints 10c.

**TATHAM STAMP CO., 281 Belmont (G-10), Springfield, Mass.**

**FREE!**  
Foreign Coin, banknote and large illustrated coin catalog FREE to approval service applicants for 5c postage. Up to \$20.00 CASH PAID FOR INDIANHEAD CENTS. Buying list showing prices paid. All dates wanted.

**TATHAM COIN CO. 48 SPRINGFIELD, MASS.**

**SPANISH MOROCCO!** (set of 4)—mint, -5c; ICE-LAND! (set of 3)—mint, -5c; POLAND! (set of 3)—mint, -5c; CANADA! Royal Visit (set of 3)—5c. (Prize set given with 20c purchase). Smith & Co. Box 4542, Station "G", Kansas City, Mo.

**FREE**  
ENROLLMENT LISTING GUARANTEED by sending a 5c stamp for application. Exchange stamps, postcards with members everywhere. No annual dues.

**MODERN SERVICE, Box 895-W, New Haven, Conn.**

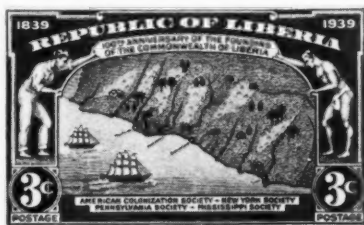
**EXCHANGE YOUR DUPLICATES**—Send 100 and dime. Receive 100 and the ONLY set ever issued by **WHITE RUSSIA**. Large Pictoriala, 10 val. Mint. D. ROSE, 2855 Clifton Ave., New York, N. Y.

**FREE! ECUADOR'S N. Y. World Fair Stamp** also Rare **RIWI BIRD**, U. S. Canada and many others. Send 5c for postage & Approvals.

**A. P. Robinson, 5757 Stewart St., Philadelphia, Pa.**

# WHEN STAMPS ARE YOUR HOBBY

By OSBORNE B. BOND



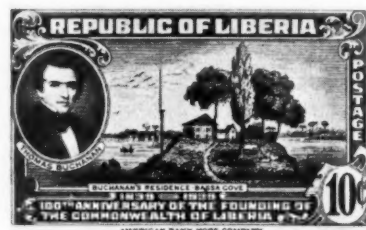
A NEW, three-cent purple stamp was placed on sale at Albuquerque, New Mexico on September seventh. It honors the memory of Francisco Vasquez de Coronado who, four hundred years ago, explored the regions of the southwestern part of our great nation. Coronado's name is tied historically with New Mexico and the Rio Grande. He explored the Hopi country of northeastern Arizona, the Grand Canyon of the Colorado River, and parts of Texas and Kansas. Coronado's explorations loom up as one of the great feats of the Spanish conquest in America. On the new commemorative stamp, Coronado is shown, surrounded by a map of the territory in which he conducted most of his explorations.

On July twenty-ninth three stamps were issued in Liberia to commemorate the one hundredth anniversary of the founding of the Commonwealth. Printed at New York by the American Bank Note Company, the stamps are all horizontal oblongs. The currency system of Liberia is the same as that of the United States.

The three-cent blue stamp has for its central design a view of the coast line of Liberia at the time of the first colonization of the territory by the four American colonization societies listed on the stamp, beneath the illustration. The ships approaching the shore were sent over by these societies. Above the pictorial panel appears the legend, "100th Anniversary of the Founding of the Commonwealth of Liberia." This same wording appears in some form on each stamp of the series. On the three-cent denomination the inscription is supported on either side by the arm of a male figure; the figure at the left represents a settler from the United States and the one at the right, a native aborigine,

thus symbolizing the union of these two groups in their common effort to build a free and independent Negro state.

The five-cent brown features the Great Seal of the Commonwealth, from which extend the flags of all the settlements originally made by the four colonization societies, and which were specifically named in the constitution as forming the Commonwealth



of Liberia. The name of each settlement is printed above its flag on the stamp as follows: Monrovia, New Georgia, Caldwell, Millsburg, Marshall, Bexley, Bassa Cove, Edina, and Greenville.

The seal and flags are superimposed against a section of pictorially treated map showing Monrovia, at the mouth of the Mesurado River which flows into the Atlantic Ocean; and beyond, a glimpse of the rich farmland of the interior.

Most significant in the study of Liberian history is the design of the ten-cent stamp, which is printed in green. Here is shown a portrait of Thomas Buchanan and a picture of his residence at Bassa Cove while he was governor. Buchanan, originally from Philadelphia and a cousin of James Buchanan, who later became President of the United States, went to Liberia as an envoy of the colonization societies of New York and Pennsylvania. After serving as administrator of several small settlements, he was transferred to Monrovia in 1839 as the first governor under a new constitution. After steering the country through a very turbulent period, he died in 1841, to the deep regret of natives and colonists alike, and was buried on the grounds of his home at Bassa Cove. He was the last of the white administrators of Liberia, and two settlements, Upper and Lower Buchanan, were named after him.

## WHEN ORDERING STAMPS

from our advertisers, be sure to write your name and address clearly, and to give your FULL NAME and COMPLETE ADDRESS. The stamp dealer will do his best to fill your order carefully and promptly. You can avoid delays by making sure that your name and address are given in your order.

**FREE** Unique CHICKEN & EGG stamp; BULL FIGHT; GIANT SUNFLOWER and CARIB ARCHER!! These unusual stamps with U. S. and many others with Approvals. Send 5c postage.

**FBI C. FINKELSTEIN, 506 & 1/2 Ludlow Ave., Phila., Pa.**

**FREE—50 World-wide Stamps, 3c postage.**  
**H. Leonard, Gardner Sta., E-224, St. Louis, Mo.**

**FREE!!!** Pony Express Set (facsimiles). Postage 3c.  
**Roberts, 402 Shearer Bldg., Bay City, Mich.**

## What are "APPROVALS"?

"Approvals," or "approval sheets," mean sheets with stamps attached which are made up and sent out by dealers. "Approvals" sent by advertisers involve no obligation on the part of the receiver except that they must be paid for, or returned promptly and in good condition.

The price of each stamp is on the sheet and the collector should detach those which he wishes to buy, then return the sheet with the remaining stamps in as good order as when received, enclosing with it the price of the stamps he has detached and, most important, his name, street address, city and state, and the invoice number.

**80 DIFFERENT** including Airmails, Commemoratives, Pictoriala, South American Sets, New Issues and many others only 5c to approval applicants.  
**H. Munziker's, Box 225-YV, Minneapolis, Minn.**

**Penny Approvals:** Thousands different, Pictoriala, Commemoratives. Raymax, Box 21-G, Station V, Brooklyn, N. Y.

**FREE!!! AUSTRIA WAR SET.** Postage 3c.  
**WILLIAMS, 602 Archer Bldg., Bay City, Mich.**

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 46

## MUSIC IN YOUR OWN BACK YARD

We took the record to the Governor in Baton Rouge, and sure enough he let Leadbelly out of jail. I became ill about that time and had to go home, so my father took Leadbelly along with him on his trips through the South, to help him with the heavy recording machine.

Leadbelly sang for the convicts in many of the prisons. In one Alabama prison, the convicts had just been given their weekly tobacco allowance of twenty-five cents. After his songs, Leadbelly passed the hat among his four hundred listeners. They gave him a few nickels and over three hundred pennies—greater tribute to his talent than the applause of any wealthy audience.

When we went to New York, Leadbelly begged to accompany us. My father gave a talk and Leadbelly sang at a smoker given by a Philadelphia club. He was the hit of the evening. Seated at the speakers' table, dressed in his convict clothes which my father had kept, a red bandanna hiding a huge scar on his neck, Leadbelly sat quietly as my father explained his songs. And before he began each song, he was quiet again. We asked him why, later, and he said he was "thinking in his heart."

Leadbelly stayed in New York. He brought his girl, Martha Promise, up from Louisiana and they were married in Connecticut, with my father giving the bride away, me as best man, and the bridegroom dressed in a double-breasted cinnamon suit with red checks.

Leadbelly never got over his wonder that New York City was built on solid rock. He wrote a song about it. This is the last verse:

"I go down to Louisiana  
"An' I'll walk an' I'll talk,  
"Tell ever'body 'bout City of New Yawk!  
"An' I go down to Georgia  
"An' I'll walk and tell  
"Trains run over top o' town byar  
"And it's call-ed the El.  
"An' have yo' heard about the mightee  
shock?"

"THEY TELL ME NEW YAWK CITY  
"BUILT ON SOLID ROCK!"

Another unusual person we met in our travels was Aunt Molly Jackson, Kentucky backwoods nurse, one-quarter Indian, the rest American for generations back. Aunt Molly

looks Indian. She must be nearly sixty, yet she stands tall and straight as a young girl. Her face is wrinkled, and yet her wrinkles are hard and firm, not soft, grandmotherly wrinkles.

Aunt Molly lived most of her life in Kentucky's bloody Harlan County, and from her childhood was taught old ballads by her grandmother, who, in turn, had learned them from her grandmother. They weren't easy to learn. Aunt Molly remembers, from the time she was three, sitting on her grandmother's knee and hearing the songs over and over again until she knew them. And then, when she was older, the young folk would get together for entertainment on a Saturday night—there were no movies for them to go to—and sing these ballads and love songs.

I once asked Aunt Molly if the young men ever courted the girls with these songs. "Certainly," she answered. "And it happened to me once. A young feller come from another State, and he would court me until I thought I would just have to marry him, and he'd sing me that song about 'East Virginia'—it goes like this:

"I was bowed and raised in old Virginia,  
"To old Kentucky I did go,  
"There I met a fair young lady  
"Her name and age I did not know."

"Did you feel sorry for him?" I asked Aunt Molly.

"Yes, I guess I did. I was married to him for twenty years."

Aunt Molly raised her family in Kentucky, and watched her husband go down into the mines for a living. Conditions were so bad in the mining district in the twenties that she remembers men going down with nothing in their lunch baskets but a bottle of water.

So Aunt Molly started traveling around the country, singing and telling stories—she knew hundreds of them from her days of nursing—and raising money to help the miners. She came up to New York, where she has held people spellbound with her ballads.

There are hundreds more people like Leadbelly and Aunt Molly whom we've met in our travels—Captain William Appleby-Robinson, who has sailed on four-masters and steamboats, and was once a shantey-boy; Elmer

George, a lumberjack from Vermont; Uncle Alec Dunford, who plays square dances in Galax, Virginia; Domin Gallegher, a barge-man from Michigan.

And there are thousands more songs we haven't heard, although we've recorded twenty thousand for the Library of Congress. Only recently some more have turned up through the series of broadcasts on folk music I've been giving. The broadcasts are part of the *American School of the Air* series, and on them I've sung folk ballads and played the guitar, and invited as guest singers such people as Aunt Molly and Leadbelly.

Through the broadcasts alone, I've discovered many more songs. I asked the young people listening in to hunt in their own communities for songs, and some have had great success. One group from California went out to the oil fields, and uncovered several new tunes the oil workers sang.

One woman living in Cape May County, New Jersey, wrote in about some songs the pilots sang, off the New Jersey coast. Another sent me a song called "Little Colen Annie," which she'd spent thirty-five years trying to track down. Altogether about two hundred and fifty new songs have been sent in to me, in my six months of broadcasting. They've come from people who were interested enough in folk music to recall the songs they heard their mothers and grandmothers sing, and the songs specially known in their region of the country.

It's easy and it's fun and it's fascinating work—going around your own neighborhood looking for folk tunes. Some of you, perhaps, have heard unusual tunes all your life. And most of you know of some old character, living out your way, whose family has been in the district for generations. He is probably a mine of old songs and folk tales. Some of you live in neighborhoods where there are unique jobs—such as shrimp fishing down in Florida or whaling up in New England. They're good bets for songs.

These are the places to look, among the back roads in your own home town, and while you're out on camping trips. Ask around home, do a little detective work, and then go out looking for songs.

There's music in your own back yard.

## DEMOCRACY BEGINS AT HOME

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12

been, stay up till hours that seem awfully late to the adults. How are you going to get your parents to see your point of view? To begin with, realize that they hate to say "No." They want you to have a good time, even more than you do yourself. The best plan is to be very open and honest with them. Try to make them see exactly what you want to do. Present your case in such a way as to show you can be trusted to use good judgment. Earn the reputation for not asking to be allowed to do anything you wouldn't let your daughter do, if you were the mother—and, I venture to say, you will find you are hardly ever refused anything.

Most of us parents have more faith in you than fear for you, but some parents are still pretty strict in their rulings. If that is the way yours are, be frank with yourself. Is it because, at some time, you have not been trustworthy? If that is it, you have a long row to hoe. You will have to start all over again and prove that now you are to be

depended upon. This is a lengthy process.

If, on the other hand, your parents just don't realize you are growing up, there are a number of methods you can try. You can explain exactly where you are going and with whom and what time you are coming home. You can see to it that the girl you are doubling with is one the grown-ups know and like. You can suggest that your mother talk the matter over with other mothers. Patience and sympathy and a willingness to be cooperative eventually will gain your goal for you.

But that is only in connection with dates. What other problems do you have? What about your clothes? Do you want more than your mother thinks you need, or do you like dresses that she feels are too old for you? Would an allowance be any solution? That is where your dad definitely comes in. As a member of the family you are entitled to have a certain amount of money spent on you. This is a very definite sum that can be

worked out in proportion to the size of your father's income and the number of people he supports. Have a talk with him and with your mother, and find out how much they feel they can let you have.

Here is a place where you must watch carefully to make sure your father and mother are being fair to themselves. If you wish they dressed better, or had a newer car, remember they like nice things as well as anyone, and be on the alert to prevent them from denying themselves necessities to provide you with luxuries. Don't be silly about this and think that all you have to do is to urge them to spend more money on themselves. Face facts, and realize that that can't be done unless they spend less on you.

In any case, find out what is your right allowance and ask if you may have it. Once you do get it, don't be extravagant. There is nothing to be proud of in the boast that you can wheedle your father out of money whenever you want it. That is what we call



"gold-digging," and no one who lays any claim to maturity stoops to that sort of thing. Accept your allowance as your share of the family income, and learn to buy wisely. Try to choose clothes that you not only like yourself, but that your mother will approve of, and consult her often. It will please her, and it will be a very real help to you.

I do not suppose your allowance will cover clothes only. Usually it includes church collections, street-car fares, school lunches, movies, *et cetera*. This means careful budgeting and a good deal of strain on your self-control. You will probably find that you have never before realized how much small amounts add up to, and you'll discover that

you are going to have to cut down on sodas if you want to buy that good looking sweater you have set your heart on. Sooner or later—and it might as well be now—you will have to learn that you cannot spend money in one place and yet have it available for use in some other place. Profit by your mistakes and get more fun from your increased wisdom. Show your parents that you are mature in these matters. It will help them to be willing to give you other liberties that are the right of level-headed young people.

I have only touched on a few of the opportunities for democracy in the home. I am sure you have thought of a great many more. Anyway, I think we can all feel, after

consideration, that "democracy" is not too big a word to use in speaking of family life. It does look as if it were really true that how we live within our own four walls is a tremendously important factor, not only for the happiness of our immediate group but for the future of the nation as well. If you and I, and countless other "you's" and "I's" all over the world, will realize this, we will make a great effort to cooperate and understand each other's point of view. And who knows how great an effect the sum total of all of us may have on the thinking and acting of the world? With this thought in mind, perhaps it is not too much to say that democracy does actually begin at home.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9

get it." He began to hum, then he shook his head. "No use. I might as well try to catch a shadow—or one of the breezes blowing in the top o' that old pine tree."

Annie stood up to try her foot, and took a step forward. "Oh—oh," she moaned, shifting her weight. She'd better get up the trail, she thought, before her joints stiffened with the swelling around the ankle bone.

Bud must have read the thought in her mind, for he spoke up quickly. "I'll help you home. I reckon my arm will be better than that hoe handle—it won't make much of a walking stick."

It was dinner time at the home place up the mountain, and there was company to share the meal spread on the kitchen table: corn pone, hot from the oven on the hearth, ham-bone-seasoned beans from the big black pot aswing on the crane. In the middle of the table was a jar of wild bee honey, put on when a guest happened in at mealtime and there was no pie in the cupboard. There was sassafras tea aplenty, too, strong, hot, and well sweetened with sorghum molasses—"long sweetening." Sugar was short sweetening. They were out of it now—"by happenstance," as Mammy explained. She had eggs to send to the store, enough to buy a poke of sugar, if anybody wasn't too busy and could muster up time to go after it.

Bud nodded his head politely, and passed

"MUSIC HATH CHARMS"

his cup for the third or fourth helping of tea. "I always liked long sweetening a heap better," he said.

Mammy made more talk, speaking in a friendly fashion as if Bud Coomer were the Circuit Rider, for this is the Golden Rule in entertaining a guest who enters a mountain door and sits down at table.

"I've been too busy to mind manners, but we-all are obliged to you—mighty much obliged for what you've done to help Annie."

"Not at all—don't mention it more," Bud answered, out of his cup. His eyes traveled round the table, from Mammy to Annie, from Annie to Bennie, and then to Mammy again. "I got a favor I want to ask atter dinner."

"Ask it now, you better," Annie said, "or you'll lose heart again, the way you did when you first came."

Bud sent a begging look across the table. Annie took pity on him. "Mammy, he wants you to sing that ballad, *The Mill Dam o' Binnorie*, so he can learn the tune—to pick it on his banjo."

"You mean his fiddle," said Bennie. "Bud plays the fiddle—I pick the banjo. You got it the wrong way."

"No," Bud said. "Seems like I've lost my taste for fiddle playing. I like the banjo a sight better now."

"It makes sweet music," said Mammy, "and so does the fiddle." Then she laughed.

"You young ones now, you're all just the

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9

same—as changeable as an April day with half a dozen kinds of weather. Bennie there, he's wishful hearted to change—"

Bennie scraped back his chair noisily. "Be quiet, behave yourself now," Mammy reproved him. "As I just said, Bennie there is crazy wild to get him a—"

"Fiddle!" shouted Annie.

Bud thought for a minute—and then the full light dawned upon him. It shone in his eyes, it gleamed in his face.

"Let's swap, Bennie," he said. "What say?"

"Suits me," was the brief answer. But anybody could see Bennie was pleased.

Annie smiled. It seemed good to think of the two playing tunes together, ballad songs, meetinghouse hymns, old tunes without words. The feud was over now—it couldn't go on with Bennie Cades and Bud Coomer making up like this.

"I'm going down to my place atter that fiddle right now," Bud was saying. "I want to get ahold o' that banjo and learn that tune, *The Mill Dam o' Binnorie*—if you'll please, ma'am, sing it for me," he added, speaking to Mammy.

Mammy smiled "Yes," and Annie's happiness welled up in words. "I reckon I could help with the singin', if anybody was to ask me. Reckon we'll make so much fuss, pickin' an' singin', we'll have all the neighbor folks in to see if it's a play-party!"

## AMERICAN PAINTERS—EUGENE SPEICHER

IN 1906 a young man named Speicher came to New York from Buffalo, his native city, armed with the Albright General Scholarship for study at the Art Students' League. This young man was no stranger to hard work, since with an admirable singleness of purpose, he had been dedicating every moment of his spare time for the preceding four years to the pursuit of his chosen career. In the evening classes of the Buffalo Fine Arts Academy he had distinguished himself, first in the antique class by winning a scholarship for the life class, and then for the portrait class, and finally for the school in New York. Thus the foundation of Eugene Speicher's technique was laid slowly and surely, step by step, without easy short cuts. Frank Vincent Dumond and William Merritt Chase were his teachers at the Art Students' League. Robert Henri (whose bold, free style readers of *THE AMERICAN GIRL* know so well from reproductions of his paintings published in the magazine) was his teacher in evening classes. What an exciting adventure it must have been for this young man, with his conservative training, to encounter the individuality, broad viewpoint, and fresh vigor of the great teacher, Henri!

Speicher was only twenty-eight when he was elected Associate of the National Academy of Design and won the Proctor Prize at the Academy show of 1911. His long years of training at home were supplemented by years of travel abroad. On his first trip, in 1910, he visited France, Spain, Germany, England, Holland, and Italy. Later he traveled in France and Italy, and

1929 saw him in France, England, Germany, Austria, Hungary, and Holland. As earnest and hard-working as ever, he studied at the museums and galleries of Europe—the great portrait painters Velasquez, Hals, Holbein, and Gainsborough claiming his special attention, for it was clear to him that portrait painting was his field. Though he traveled and studied so much in Europe, he produced most of his pictures at his studios in New York City and at Woodstock, New York. With firmness and integrity he kept himself aloof from the lucrative business of the society portrait painter—a pitfall into which a less sincere artist of his gifts might so easily have fallen. He is best known for his portraits of young girls and for his flower pieces—which are part of the permanent collections of the great museums of the country, including the Albright Art Gallery, Buffalo, Cleveland Museum of Art, Whitney Museum of American Art, New York, Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, the Corcoran Gallery of Art, Washington, and many others. We have not space to print the long list of his awards and honors.

Eugene Speicher composes his pictures in rhythmic masses of form and in rich, quiet colors with a restful clarity and unity of design. All his pictures show the artist's deep sense of the dignity of his subjects, who appear withdrawn from the spectator in some thoughtful region of their own. As in all his portraits, these characteristics are evident in this month's frontispiece.

—M.C.

# THIS TROOP

*used our plan*



A completely uniformed troop, thanks to our money-raising plan. Eight subscriptions to the magazine were also earned

## MONEY-RAISING PLAN A SUCCESS!

*Over \$200,000.00 since the plan began—over \$40,000.00 last year alone—that's how the record proves the unfailing practical progress of our AMERICAN GIRL-QUAINT SHOP PLAN.*

This money was raised for registrations, for camp, for uniforms, for a hundred and one other things—and if *you* need money for your troop treasury, you should be sure to try this easy and pleasant way of earning it with the well-liked Quaint Shop Christmas Cards. Most attractive new designs have been created for the 1940 season.

Everybody uses Christmas Cards, and Girl Scout friends and relatives eagerly buy Quaint Shop cards because of their unusual value. You'll be surprised at the ready orders you'll receive, with profits from \$3.50 to \$100.00, or even more. Thousands of Girl Scout troops now count the AMERICAN GIRL-QUAINT SHOP PLAN as their most dependable source for additional funds!

### AMERICAN GIRL SUBSCRIPTIONS AS SPECIAL PRIZES

At the same time that all this money has been raised, over 50,000 one-year subscriptions to THE AMERICAN GIRL have been awarded as prizes to individual Girl Scouts—who can assure you that our plan really "brings home the bacon."

### LET US SEND YOU THE DETAILS!

You can be just as successful in raising money this way as are the thousands of others who have been using our plan, year after year. Write to-day for the AMERICAN GIRL-QUAINT SHOP PLAN. There will be no expense or obligation to you—and you will see for yourself how easily many dollars can be raised.

Would you like to win a subscription to THE AMERICAN GIRL? Would you like to raise \$7 or \$14 for your troop in the easy, pleasant way other girls have found so successful? Then write to-day for a sample box of Christmas cards, on approval, together with details of our plan. No obligation, of course.

A penny postal is enough! And all you need to write is:—Dept. AG2, The American Girl, Please tell me about your Plan to raise money and win a subscription without cost. (If there is a Girl Scout troop in your community, be sure to tell the Leader about this opportunity.)

July 23, 1940.

The American Girl  
New York City.

I am enclosing the film and a story telling how Troop 143, Cleveland, Ohio, earned their new style uniforms.

By selling White's Quaint Shop cards, we have earned 8 free subscriptions to the American Girl which the girls greatly enjoy. We circulate the copies in the Troop.

Yours very truly,

(Mrs) L. E. Crowther  
Leader

ADDRESS DEPT. AG2, THE AMERICAN GIRL, 14 WEST 49TH STREET, NEW YORK CITY



THE JIGGER JACKET, cut out for a college career, has all that it takes — warmth, style, and convenience. Of all wool tweed, with lining and interlining for extra warmth and winter wear. Deep apple green only.

8-145—Sizes 12-20

\$6.95

A REVERSIBLE, ready for rain or shine, boasts a detachable hood for good measure. Both the all wool herring-bone tweed in soft green, and the natural gabardine lining are weather-proofed and pre-shrunk.

8-142—Sizes 12-20

\$13.50





w York